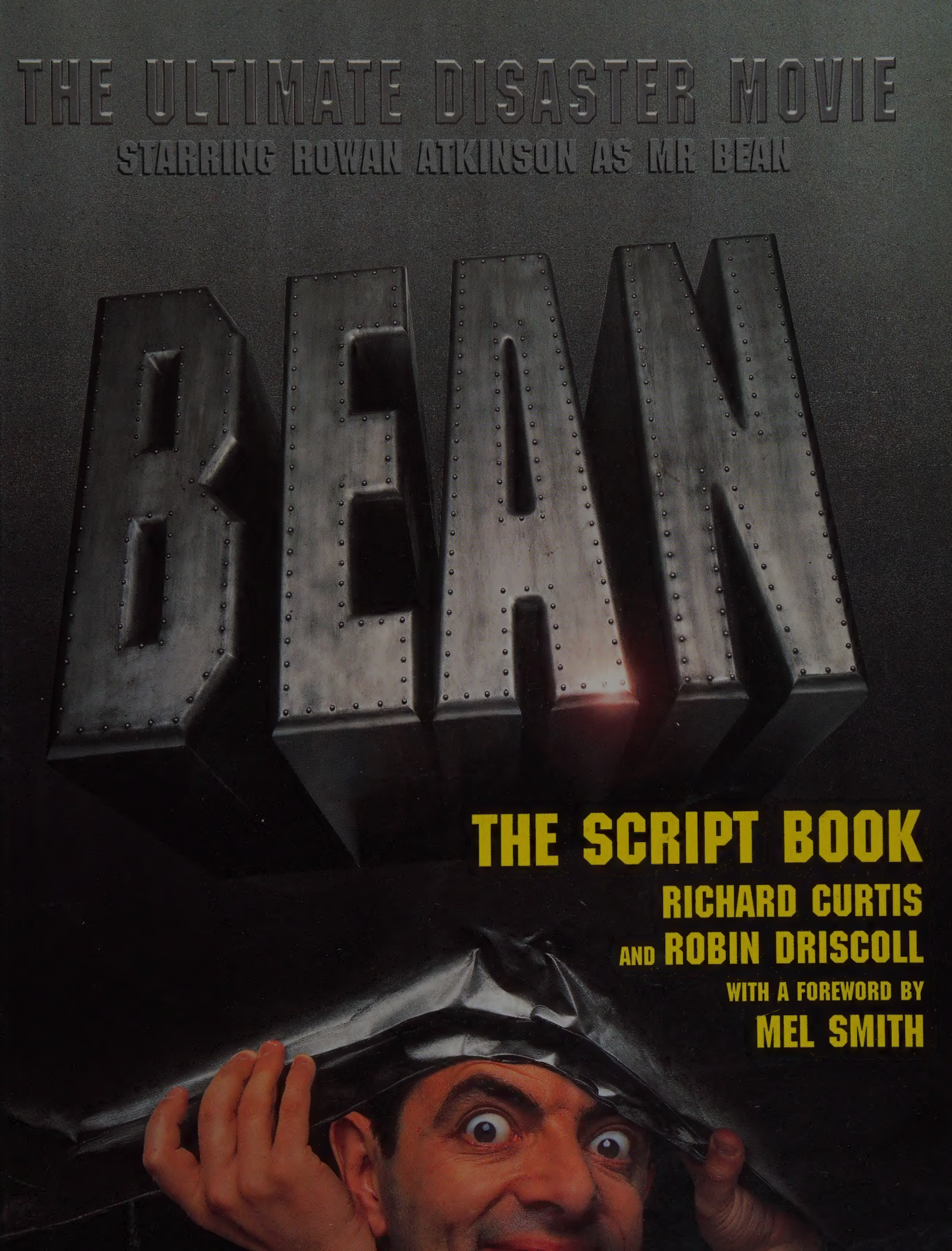
THE ULTIMATE DISASTER MOVIE

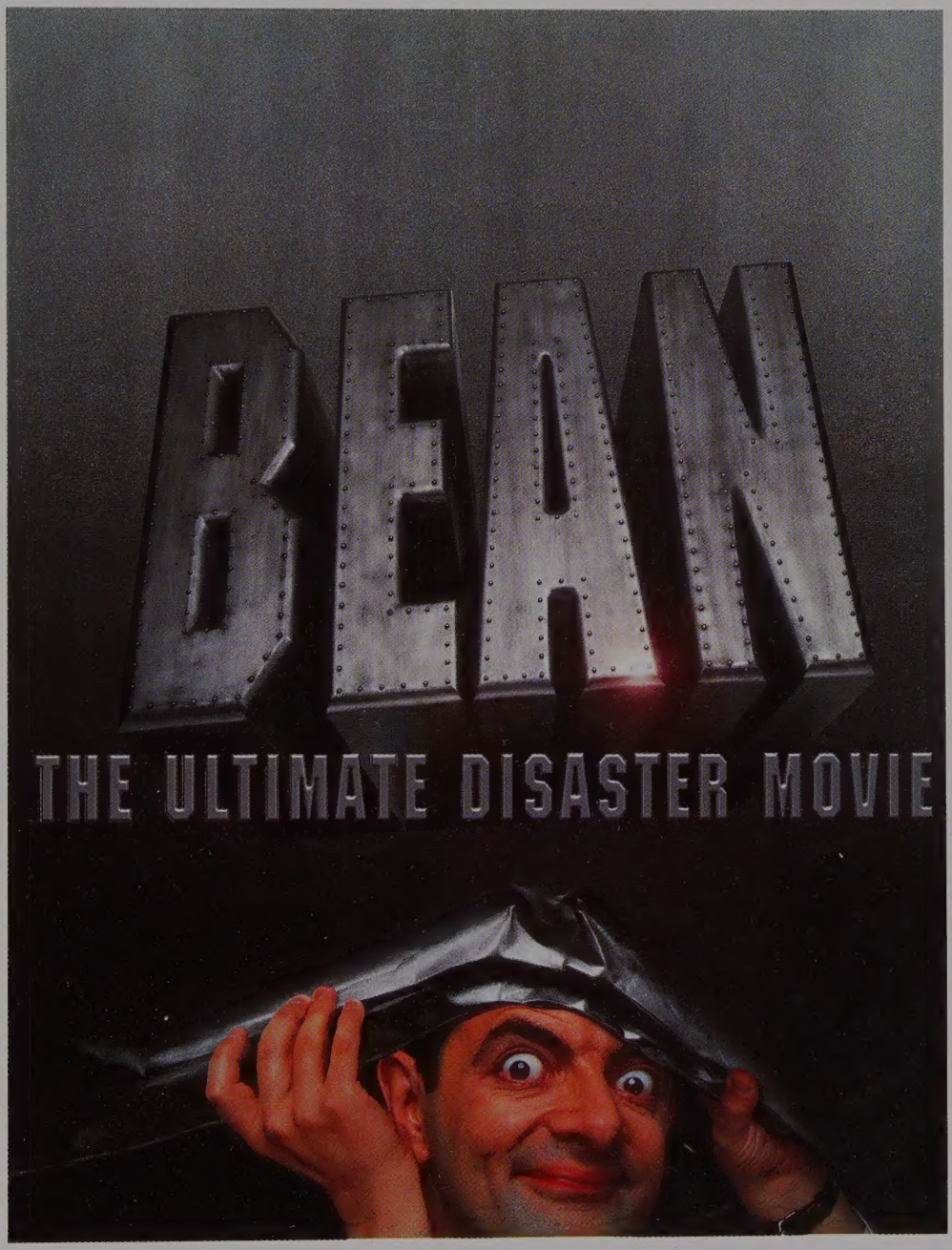
STARRING ROWAN ATKINSON AS MR BEAN

BEAN

THE SCRIPT BOOK

RICHARD CURTIS
AND ROBIN DRISCOLL
WITH A FOREWORD BY
MEL SMITH





THE SCRIPT BOOK

BEAN

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by Richard Curtis and Robin Driscoll

with a foreword by Mel Smith

Photographs by Melissa Moseley,
Suzanne Hanover and Liam Daniel

Bean is a PolyGram film produced by
Working Title in association with Tiger Aspect

BOXTREE

First published 1997 by Boxtree

an imprint of Macmillan Publishers Ltd
25 Eccleston Place, London SW1W 9NF
and Basingstoke

Associated companies throughout the world

ISBN 0 7522 2289 9

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9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

All photographs by Liam Daniel, Suzanne Hanover and Melissa Moseley with the exception of those on pages 7 *bottom*, 10, 12, 13 and 114 which are by Robin Driscoll and page 9 *top* which is by Glynne Curtis

Designed by Dan Newman
Colour reproduction by Speedscan Ltd
Printed and bound in Italy by New Interlitho S.P.A.Milan

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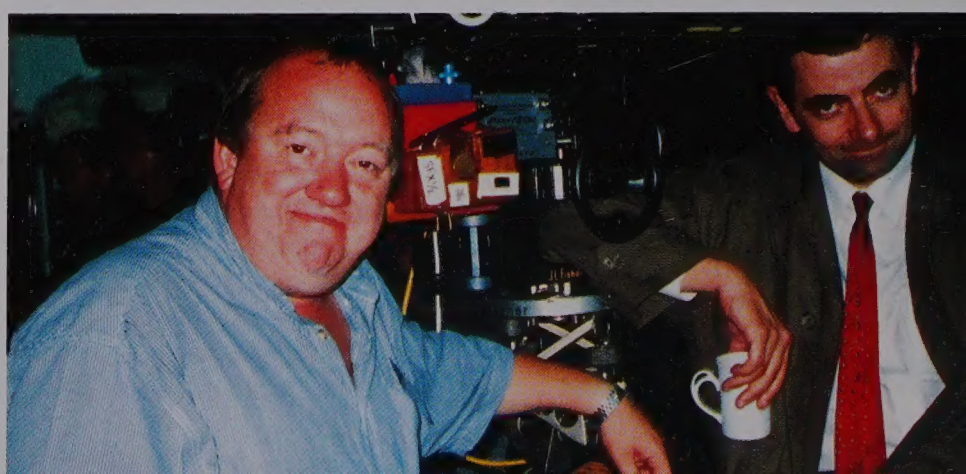
Foreword
by Mel Smith

Left: Mel Smith
Below: with Rowan Atkinson

The story goes that when Alfred Hitchcock was asked to list the three most important elements necessary for making a successful movie he replied; 'The script, the script ... and the script'.

Given Hitchcock's own success rate as a master film-maker the chances are he was either dead right, or dead drunk. I mean, if he'd just had a skinful of Martinis he might have meant to reply 'The script, the locations ... and the hats', and quite simply forgotten the other two. But since Hitchcock hated shooting on location, and his hats, while always credible were frankly forgettable, the large majority of film-makers, and indeed milliners, have tended to plump for the 'script, script, script' version. Aside from anything else this is because before the sets, the cameras, the props men, the actors and indeed the *money* is in place, the script is all you have. Most importantly though, the script is the template for the movie and in my experience, 'getting the script right' is the one driving obsession of writers, producers and directors alike. Rightly so. It's the first, and arguably the most important stage in the film-making process. In comparison to getting the script right, shooting the film is a breeze and editing it is a doddle. (Breeze and doddle are of course relative terms.)

If the script isn't 'right', and if it doesn't 'work', you're all on a hiding to nothing. Bear in mind that the script is not just dialogue, it's everything that's actually going to happen in the film. It's why what happens, happens. It's the plot, the characters, the jokes and, if you're really lucky, the beginning, the middle and the end. Go into production with the wrong script and you will without question find yourself, a few months down the line, in a massive draughty studio, at 3 a.m., tired



Right: with actress Sandra Oh
Below: with Pamela Reed, who plays Alison Langley

and miserable, filming a scene you don't need, involving characters who shouldn't exist, on an incredibly expensive set which should never have been built.

Actually, all this will happen once or twice whatever the script's like. Even if it's a bloody brilliant script that works like gangbusters. But the better the script, the less often you'll go through it.

Working on the Bean movie, it has to be said, did have some quite major advantages: Rowan Atkinson, for example, does tend to have a beneficial effect when it comes to comedy. Well, let's not be coy, it's a bloody *huge* plus. But Rowan knew better than anyone that sticking a funny character in front of a camera for ninety minutes plus, was not going to constitute a good movie. No, he kept going on about 'getting the script right'. *Who's Who* are going to have to reprint. Rowan Atkinson's Hobbies and Interests section should now read Cars, and Getting Scripts Right.

Richard Curtis, fantastic writer, *Four Weddings and a Funeral*. Obviously he can get a script 'right' before breakfast. Well ... not exactly. Robin Driscoll, great Mr Bean writer, a fount of brilliant comic business – never off the phone, obsessed with getting the script right.

The script, the script ... and the script.

Of course, what you're about to read is not the script. It's the screenplay.

What's the difference?

Basically the screenplay is a script that can't be rewritten. It's what we ended up with. It's what a script looks like after it's experienced the trauma of being made into a film. After monetary considerations have bitten, scenes have been relocated and designs rethought. Whole sequences reworked by Richard and Robin, cut, compressed or reinvented to fit the schedule. Action reworked by Rowan and myself on the spot to fit the realities of the situation, particularly the pressures of time.

When the screenplay was just a third- or fourth-draft script, it was a bright and bushy-tailed young feller-me-lad. A typical adolescent really. Lots of likeable qualities, but inexperienced, gauche and confused. Hopeless with girls and lousy taste in clothes. Now it's a grown-up Screenplay. It's been to a lot of dodgy parties, been blind drunk and hideously hung-over and had its car stolen several times. On the other hand it wears nothing but Versace and gets laid on a regular basis. Does this mean it's a better person? Who knows?

It is, as I say, where we ended up. It's our final 'stop writing gentlemen please' version. As buffed and shiny as it gets. Representing the work of two exceptional writers and a great comedic talent. It is, unarguably, a clear and concise anatomy of the film bearing the same title. Whatever the hell that is. You see, as I write this foreword, we're still editing the film and are a couple of weeks away from our first US preview. The creative process continues. Last Thursday we preferred the vomit gag to the blow-job gag and the film was two hours long. That night we trimmed the vomit, lost the blow job, reinstated the toothpaste gag and tried to cut the furniture. Next day we lost the furniture, though Robin thought it should stay and Richard was in favour of it if it could be done quicker. Rowan kept his council *vis-à-vis* the furniture but was jumpy about the 'making coffee in his mouth' sequence. We all like the airport. Bean blowing his nose we like. We not only like, we love. Indeed the longer we make it, the more we like it. Yesterday we were down to 100 minutes and playing with the idea of reversing the unveiling of the picture sequence and the hospital sequence.

I'll tell you something, in comparison to editing a movie, getting the script right is an absolute doddle.

Mel Smith, March 1997

Diary of the Mr Bean film
by Richard Curtis

This is for anyone who wants to get an idea about the process by which the Mr Bean film came about. This diary of the early stages of the film was written by Richard Curtis, one of the writers. You can bet your last dollar that a diary written by Robin or Rowan would have been completely different – but a bit of the story is maybe better than nothing at all.

1 MAY–2 JUNE 1995

I put this time aside to write a version of the film of Mr Bean. It had a definite end, since my girlfriend is due to have a baby on 9 June – so I had to stop, and that was that. By my reckoning, as experience accumulates, I really need three or four months to write the first draft of a film properly. I'd probably done nearly a month on the film before 1 May – so that means I'm now a month short …

Here's a bit of history. We've all always thought it would be great to write a Mr Bean film – but it's been hard finding the right time. We had our first meetings years ago (maybe two) – and although we experimented with some very fanciful plots, I kept, between the meetings, coming back to a very, very simple one: just taking Mr Bean to stay with a family on an American campus and letting him destroy their lives. I've always liked this for two big reasons …

1. Having nothing to do with jewels and drug heists, we could go on doing what Mr Bean does best – small, embarrassing, intimate situations, closely observed.

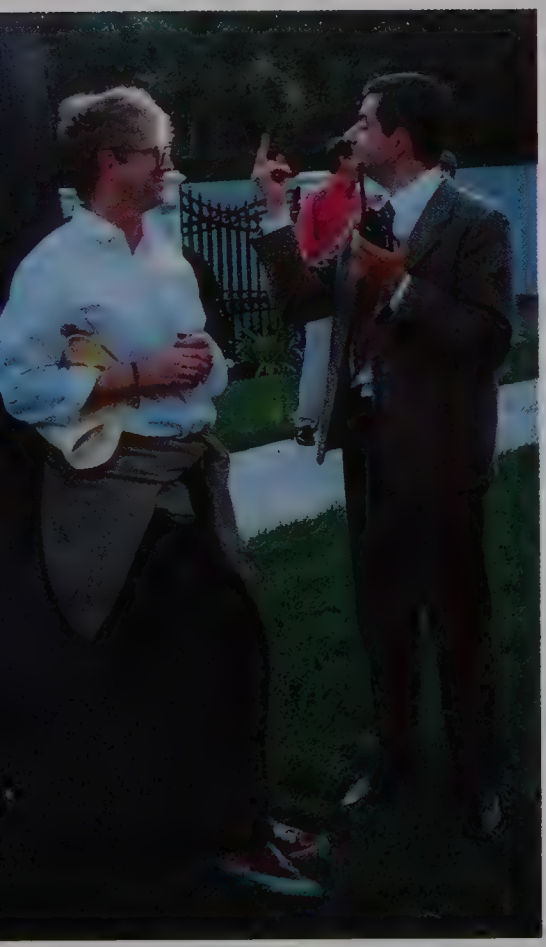
2. I could actually try to write real characters for the family, and write a little film about a relationship in trouble, which would be interesting per se. This would mean that Mr Bean didn't have to be on screen being stupid all the time, and we'd have a story we were interested in. Then every time Bean entered – about fifty minutes of the film – it would be fab. So …

Richard Curtis

About a year after the first meeting, no unanimity arriving, I offered to write a treatment on my plan. I did so – a fifty-page document – and Rowan and Robin Driscoll, who's been writing most of the Mr Bean stuff for the last few years, liked it enough (though making some changes) to encourage us all to go on.

Which brought us to 1 May, when I sat down to write this first draft, and it's now finished … horribly long at 132 pages. I think it's gone pretty well to plan.

It's a simple, but OK plot about Mr Bean going to stay with a man who works in an



art gallery, called David. His marriage is having troubles anyway – and Bean absolutely finishes it off. And meanwhile, the gallery is also in trouble – and Bean does the most terrible thing, which makes closure a certainty. But it all comes right in the end ... Most of my time has been spent trying to get David and his wife – and about five other characters in the gallery – right, and I think where I've failed is in thinking up *enough* new Mr Bean jokes. I've tended to lean on the memories of things we've done already. However, having Mr Bean in the background – instead of always in the foreground, like in the TV shows – has been a delight.

I hope they'll like it – 'they' being Rowan, Robin, and Working Title, who are involved in this film, as they were in *The Tall Guy* and *Four Weddings*.

21 JUNE
Scarlett is born. Hurray! Doesn't look much like Mr Bean. More like Golda Meir.

28 JULY
I've been marked. After useful meetings with Debra from Working Title, with lots of good notes, today was the day for the big meeting – to be held in my garden in Oxfordshire, with Rowan, Robin, myself, Peter (Rowan's agent and my friend) as referee and Scarlett as official distraction.

I should say I got about 55 per cent. Basically Rowan wasn't over happy with the script – but not despairing either: quite a usual result for me and Ro. He's actually happier with the non-Bean story – but doesn't feel it gels very well with the Mr Bean stuff. He's also worried that I've given Mr Bean quite a lot to say – which I always said I would, and think is right. Ro can't imagine himself saying it, so ... In fact, it was a very, very useful meeting. *Incredibly unusual* – I usually come away from 'creative' meetings with a general sense of what should be done – but no specific ideas. However, today we really tried publicly to dissect the work I'd done – and to solve some of the problems. I'll now leave the thing for two months, for Robin to do a total rewrite. So far, so as expected.

1 AUGUST
I've just typed out a twenty-notes 'note' for Robin and everyone so that we all know what happened at the Garden Meeting and remember some of the solutions. I hope it will be useful for Robin, and encourage him not to be gentle with my script. There's a lot to do to make Rowan happy – and there is absolutely no point starting on this film unless Rowan is very happy.

9 OCTOBER
Robin has delivered his script – and certainly there was no need for me to worry about him being too gentle. As I remember from my *Blackadder* days with Ben Elton, it's always a shock when you get your script back and so much has gone. But on the whole I'm pretty pleased – it's a huge step forward and there are, which is a crucial joy, lots of funny new lines.

Just quickly to sum up a few thoughts on Robin's script: he's added a lot of very good plot, where I was very plot-light indeed. There's probably too much of it, but I think all the elements he's used I agree with, and will go with. Hurrah. My first draft was distinctly plain. He's also taken out almost every word of Mr Bean's – and I hardly notice. So, there we go – I was wrong, Ro and he were right.

On the downside, all the plotting means he hasn't just sat around and thought of ten more stupid Mr Bean bits – which is a disappointment, because I didn't do that either. He's also taken out masses of my 'character' stuff. Now, again, I've got a feeling he's right, and we should use my old draft as the 'backstory' really. However, some of the dialogue he's left in he's shortened – and that doesn't seem to work. A horrible amount of what I write depends on repetition – and when you try to thin it out, the joke mysteriously disappears.

This is now the plan. He and I will meet, and work out which 'routines' we want to

rehearse with Rowan. This is so that when Ro finally reads the script, he actually understands the physical jokes – because they are *stunningly boring* to read, as you can imagine. 'Enter Mr Bean – pulls amusing face. Sits down – pulls another amusing face, etc.' After that week of rehearsals, I'll do another draft of the film, working in my changes and the new stuff from rehearsals.

13–19 NOVEMBER
An excellent week of rehearsals – or as is always the case with me and Ro, half a week of rehearsals due to this and that interruption. Robin and I spent a day together working on some things – as did Emma and I – and we had at least ten sections to work on, half of which were totally new to Rowan. And it was fun. Rather like rehearsing our theatre shows ten, fifteen years ago. Just three people in a room with biscuits, setting up very simple situations and then exaggerating them. It being physical, not verbal comedy, this is easy and incredibly important – since if the stuff doesn't make us laugh in rehearsal, it will never make anyone laugh on film.

Amongst the highlights, a lot of very foolish stuff for Bean on an aeroplane; a 'mime battle', Bean against an annoying mime artist in the grounds of the gallery he goes to; and, to cheer us up on the final afternoon, a laxative joke. So – fun and results.

21 NOVEMBER–6 DECEMBER *(a bit intermittently)*
I've reworked the whole film script, sort of. All the stuff we rehearsed is in, and I've been through Robin's scripts and kept, I hope, all the best stuff. But I've simplified massively, sometimes to include the new physical stuff, and again, I'm aware of not having quite enough time. Some potential sub-plots just drift away, some of the dialogue is very first-drafty. But I think many of Ro's original worries are answered – and it would be quite a funny film.

7–8 DECEMBER
Robin's rather alarmed reaction to my new draft. He's spotted the sloppiness – and, as was bound to be the case, noticed the horrid cutting of things he loved. Massively unfairly, I'd asked him to try to make corrections in a couple of days – but he wants a bit more time, and wants us to talk things through. So – the script which was meant to be in on 1 December is now going to be about three weeks late. Not bad really!

10 DECEMBER – EVENING
To my surprise, I've written my first thriller – because this is where the diary stops. I've been given tomorrow as the deadline. Meanwhile everything hangs in the balance. Robin and I are having a day together tomorrow. With any luck, we'll reach agreement on what needs to/can be done before Friday when the film must be in to Rowan if he's to decide whether to do it by Christmas, which was always the plan. (Damn – shows what a crap thriller writer I'd be. I think that's the first time I've mentioned that crucial fact. We've always been working to Christmas – when Rowan, who otherwise might dither forever, has to decide definitively whether he wants to make this film or not. If yes – we'll do lots more work. If not – we'll never look at it again.)

Well, there we go. Early in the year Rowan said yes – we did a lot more drafts after Mel Smith came on board as director, and by October 96 we were filming in Los Angeles.

The Hollywood Bit Of It

by Robin Driscoll

Robin Driscoll and Rowan Atkinson on location in California

The police woman on the switchboard at Beverly Hills Precinct finally put me through to Officer Franklin.

'Yup, waddayawant?'

'Hello. Thank you. I wonder if you could help me on a point of information. I'm co-writing a film here in LA and I …'

'Who isn't writing a movie in LA? Every barmaid and parking lot attendant in town'll tell ya they're writing a movie.'

'Uh … Well, I don't want to waste your time, officer, I just need to know the proper radio codes you'd use in a certain crime situation. We've got this cop character who …'

'Hey, look, I ain't gonna spend a half hour on the phone writing your movie script for ya, waddaya think I am?'

'Of course not. No, this'll be really quick – honest.'

I hastily described the situation in the film where Mr Bean is chased by a couple of airport cops who think he's carrying a gun and radio for back-up. Obviously, I wanted to get the call codes right.

Officer Franklin barked down the line, 'The cop'd say: "In foot pursuit of a four fifteen – male with a gun – heading into zone ten – Terminal Two. Get some people up here right now!"' He added, 'and say *four fifteen* not *four one five*! We hate it when you guys screw up that way.'

'That's why your help has been so valuable officer, I wanted to get it right. Thank you.'

'Is that it?'

'Yes, thank you.' Long pause the other end …

'So you're writing a movie, huh?'

'We're in the middle of shooting it, actually, and thanks again for your—'

'You're really in production then?'

'That's right. Goodb—'

'Hey, look, me and some of the guys like to meet Fridays for a few beers after shift at Mo's Bar on Beverly. It's a cop place. Why don't you come over, maybe have some food – shoot the breeze? Maybe I got some good ideas for your movie script ...'

Richard Curtis is the originator of *Mr Bean* but *I* got the better end of the co-writing deal by far. It was *me* that got sent to Hollywood to oversee the script changes – for three whole months! Richard was tied up at home, writing seven other films and a handful of TV series at the same time as running Comic Relief. We still faxed changes to one another constantly and he was able to see video versions of the film scenes a day or so behind.

So *I* had the sunshine! The baseball cap! And a director's chair with my name embroidered on it – just like Mel Smith's only smaller. (I found it was better to sit in someone else's seat, actually, so as not to mask the name on mine.)

Generally, I was told, writers get to visit the set once during filming. They get to shake the Star's hand, have a coffee and a bun before being put back on the bus by a security guard. All inside half an hour, usually.

Luckily for me though, *Mr Bean* has always been a collaborative thing. Rowan works out a lot of his comedy on his feet, in the geography of the set, as it were – especially the finer details – and Richard and I have learnt to work that way with him over the years. Mel too, of course. He and Rowan are old muckers.

On set I sat by Mel most of the time, where I could annoy him very effectively with: 'Great take, but how about ...?' and, 'Mmmm, yes, but wouldn't it be funnier if ...?' and, 'Well, if you're going again could we possibly try ...?'

Mel is very tolerant. Only once did he lose his temper with me. It was late one night and the clock was ticking dangerously close to when the crew would go into double time and earn three million dollars a minute each, or something. An incredibly tense moment. Nevertheless, I happily chirp up, 'The

Right: On-set discussion
Below: Robin Driscoll touching up *Whistler's Mother*

actors aren't doing it right. The mood's all wrong. Why don't we ...?' Mel hits the roof. 'Then say so in the *#@!!&$*! script! How else am I supposed to get this scene inside two *#@!!&$*! minutes?!!!' He throws the script to the floor. My stomach churns. I'm hot all over. *Maybe I'm wrong... Maybe I'm wrong ... Maybe I'm a moron!*

Mel paces, fuming, for ten seconds, goes into conference with the actors for thirty seconds, and, being the absolute professionals that they are, Peter MacNicol and Pamela Reed do the scene perfectly inside a minute. The bell goes. We finish for the night.

'I'm sorry about that, Mel. Really,' I tell him.

'No, no, no, you were right. The scene worked great!' Thank God, I thought, my confidence returning. But Mel was just being his normal generous self. I couldn't have been more wrong because yesterday we watched the latest cut of the film and the scene in question has been surgically removed!

Well there you go, I *am* a moron. Maybe it would have been better if I'd gone off early that night and knocked back a few beers with Officer Franklin and the other script-writing cops down at Mo's.

Robin Driscoll, March 1997

Cast List

Mr Bean ..... Rowan Atkinson
Delilah ..... June Brown
Gareth ..... Peter Capaldi
Dr Cutler ..... Clive Corner
Elmer ..... Larry Drake
Lord Walton ..... Peter Egan
Butler ..... Chris Ellis
Stingo ..... Johnny Galecki
Brutus ..... Richard E. Gant
Buck ..... Danny Goldring
Dr Rosenblum ..... Peter James
Kevin Langley ..... Andrew Lawrence
David Langley ..... Peter MacNicol
Walter ..... Tom McGowan
Tucker ..... Dakin Matthews
Chairman ..... Sir John Mills
Bernice Schimmel ..... Sandra Oh
Alison Langley ..... Pamela Reed
General Newton ..... Burt Reynolds
Sylvia Grierson ..... Priscilla Shanks
Jennifer Langley ..... Tricia Vessey
George Grierson ..... Harris Yulin

INT. GALLERY – DAY

Camera studies the painting Whistler's Mother *by James Abbott McNeill Whistler to majestic, classical music – suggesting quality, culture, learning. This is a great work of art.*

CREDITS fade up and away over the following:

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY. AMERICA – DAY

GEORGE GRIERSON stands on the impressive steps of the Grierson Gallery, surrounded by cameras and journalists.

He is a powerful fifty-year-old man who may be rather more ambitious and vain than he thinks he is. He is making a statement and he likes the statement a lot. Behind him stands his press and PR representative, BERNICE Schimmel, a very eager PR woman, also very pleased with the news.

GRIERSON: It's as simple as this – the greatest painting ever by an American artist will at last be returning to America. From now on, *Whistler's Mother*'ll live right here in LA where she belongs.

PRESS PERSON: When will we actually see her?

GRIERSON: The unveiling will be in about two weeks. And you are all invited.

PRESS PERSON: George, George. What makes this picture so great?

GRIERSON: The way it looks. Talk to you all again soon.

All of them call out a question – but GRIERSON is having none of it. He's achieved his theatrical effect and departs.

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY BOARDROOM. LONDON – DAY

A very grand room: lots of wood and some very famous portraits on the walls.

A group of middle-aged men and women – the Management Board of the National Gallery: some of them are art experts, others are administrators. They are presided over by

Above: George Grierson
Below: Lord Walton

Above: Gareth (left) in the Royal National Gallery boardroom

LORD WALTON, a very sharp, intelligent man, who actually runs the gallery. He sits at the table's head.

LORD WALTON: The acquisition of *Whistler's Mother* is, quite simply, the most historic purchase by any American gallery this century. *(Pause)* They have asked us to send a scholar of great weight and substance to preside over the ceremony and then stay for a couple of months of lectures and seminars. Dr Rosenblum, Dr Cutler – you both have high claim on this great honour.

Both men, obvious academic heavyweights, are present, and nod. Delighted.

EXT. HARRODS – DAY

Wide shot of Harrods. Pull down – to see Mr BEAN's Mini stuck in a traffic jam. His POV as he sees the doormen open the double doors to let in customers. He cannot resist it! He takes a sharp turn straight into the store.

INT. HARRODS – DAY

The Mini shoots down the aisle, sending packages and women in yashmaks flying. The turn takes the car whizzing through the perfume department. BEAN toots at inconsiderately slow pedestrians.

EXT. STREET BY HARRODS – DAY

The car shoots out of the glamorous Harrods side entrance sending passers-by scurrying with shopping bags.

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

The members of the board are here as before. DELILAH, WALTON's secretary, enters with tea and biscuits.

DELILAH: The Chairman's here, sir.

LORD WALTON: Excellent. Send him in. And run and get Mr Bean will you, Delilah. We're about to sack him …

DELILAH: Oh marvellous.

End CREDITS.

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY. BIG EXHIBITION ROOM – DAY

We find BEAN sitting in a chair, wearing a grey overall. His job is not a grand one – to sit in the corner of this big room, and watch the paintings. As usual, BEAN falls fast asleep at his post.

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

The grand and respected CHAIRMAN is impressively settled in his big seat, at the end of the table, opposite LORD WALTON.

Above: The Chairman of the Royal National Gallery

Below right: Delilah

LORD WALTON: Before we move to the major business of the day, I just wanted to broach the question of Mr Bean. Now Mr Bean has worked for us for many years …

CHAIRMAN: … And will for many years to come. I employed the excellent young man, when I was doing your job, Charles – and you can have my resignation if you go anywhere near him. He's a first-class fellow.

LORD WALTON*(pained)*: Absolutely.

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY. WAITING ROOM – DAY

BEAN is sitting patiently by the boardroom

doors. DELILAH keeps half an eye on him from her desk. BEAN tidies himself a little, then takes out a tissue to blow his nose. A little polite blow. Then another. Then the noisiest nose-blow in history, at the end of which he takes the tissue away, slightly startled, but very satisfied. He does not realize that a little inch of tissue now hangs from his nostril.

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

LORD WALTON: Very well … moving on.

Everyone is mortified that WALTON has given up on the Mr BEAN thing so quickly.

LORD WALTON: The Grierson Gallery of California needs a representative of our great gallery. An artistic giant to bestride this great occasion like a Colossus.

The camera notes the slightly vain and expectant reactions of Cutler and Rosenblum.

I have therefore decided to recommend that we give the post – and the three-month sabbatical that goes with it – to that splendid employee, Mr Bean.

At first Cutler and Rosenblum are disappointed …

LORD WALTON: All those in favour.

… but they soon realise what's good for them. Everyone votes for Mr BEAN in a unanimous and violent show of hands.

The CHAIRMAN is delighted. WALTON smiles.

LORD WALTON: Carried.

Mr. BEAN enters, tidy, smiling modestly, the effect slightly ruined by the still dangling inch of nose tissue.

EXT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

To the sound of excited music, BEAN emerges free, and on his way to America. He throws open his arms to the skies …

MR BEAN: Americaaaaaaaa!!!

Right: Walter Hunt

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

By contrast to the Royal National Gallery this is a modern building – lots of glass and contemporary paintings and sculpture.

DAVID, an attractive man, keen, well-meaning and enthusiastic, who loves art and his work enters with WALTER, a conservative young man. GRIERSON is there with BERNICE.

GRIERSON: Ah, David. We've just got a letter through from the Royal National Gallery – they're recommending a guy called Bean to represent them.

DAVID: Bean? Can't say I've heard of him.

GRIERSON: The letter is signed by Doctors Rosenblum and Cutler …

DAVID is impressed by their names.

DAVID: Well, that's impressive.

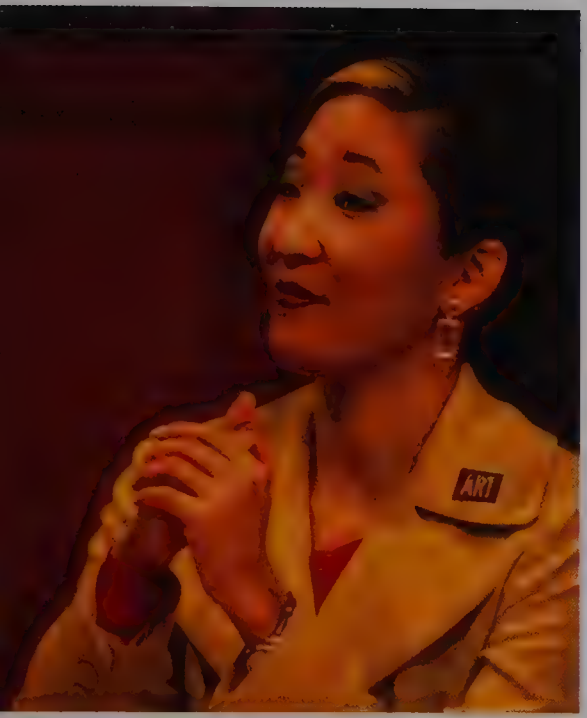
GRIERSON: They say, 'He is a man whose incontrovertible genius dwarfs our own meagre talents.'

DAVID: Rosenblum and Cutler said that?

GRIERSON *(reading on)*: 'This man is an artistic giant who will bestride your great occasion like a Colossus.'

WALTER: A Colossus. That's fantastic.

GRIERSON: You asked for England's top man – and I do believe I've delivered him.



Left: Bernice Schimmel
Below: David Langley

DAVID: It certainly sounds like it.

GRIERSON: However, before we confirm – Bernice here still feels that we'd get more media attention if we got someone from, let's say, the entertainment industry.

BERNICE: I genuinely believe we could get Jon Bon Jovi.

DAVID *(coolly)*: Jon Bon Jovi?

BERNICE: Yes.

DAVID: To unveil *Whistler's Mother*?

BERNICE nods.

DAVID: Look. I have nothing against Jon Bon Jovi – but as far as I know Mr Jovi knows absolutely nothing about nineteenth-century Impressionism – or he certainly hasn't mentioned it in any of his recent songs.

BERNICE: No, but David …

DAVID: This is not a rock pop video, it's a great and serious work of art – and Dr Bean will give the occasion depth and dignity.

INT. LONDON PHOTO BOOTH – DAY

The camera faces Mr BEAN sitting in a photo booth. His face is totally impassive for one, two flashes. And then, just before the third flash, he pulls the biggest, maddest face you've ever seen. Flash!

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

The scene continues:

GRIERSON: You're right. We go with Bean – David's our curator, and this is David's call – his decision. His responsibility. Ultimately – his neck.

DAVID looks very pleased.

INT. PHOTO BOOTH. LONDON – DAY

BEAN points an imaginary gun into the camera lens.

MR BEAN: Are you feeling lucky, punk!?

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

The scene continues with DAVID feeling quite lucky.

GRIERSON: So where do you want him to stay?

DAVID: I have a rather interesting idea.

Above right: Alison Langley

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – DAY

Close-up of ALISON's shocked face. She is DAVID's wife – a pleasant-looking, intelligent professional woman.

ALISON: Here? In our house? For two months? There are suddenly no hotels in Los Angeles?

DAVID *(interrupting)*: OK ... no need to get excited. I just thought, you know, this is the Royal National Gallery of England's top man. He'll be so interesting to have around, to talk to, learn from.

ALISON: Do we know anything about our new best friend?

DAVID: Well, I think they'd have mentioned if he was a notorious serial killer.

ALISON: David, we have an expression in this country: 'over my dead body'; and I'd like to put it on the table right here and now.

It is not that ALISON is a killjoy, who has never shared in DAVID's jokes. Normally, she would be light and lovely. She is also a very clever woman. It's just that recently she's been pushed a little far by him.

DAVID: Oh – come on, Ali. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. And ... it'll be seriously great for the kids.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – DAY

A big couch. There sit KEVIN – seven and sharp – and JENNIFER – fifteen and grumpy. Total silence.

JENNIFER: You're kidding.

DAVID: Oh, come on! It'll be great. Let's say that there's a chart of the most intelligent people you've ever met. Well, at Number One, with a bullet, is Dr Bean.

Above: Kevin and Jennifer Langley

You know how sometimes you ask me questions that I can't answer ...

KEVIN: Like 'What's an inter-uterine device?'

DAVID: More like 'What's the meaning of life?'

KEVIN: I never asked you that.

DAVID: OK – but look – this is a very remarkable man ... *(JENNIFER sighs)* And for all you know, he may be very cute.

JENNIFER: Oh come on – the guy's going to be a creep. All Englishmen are ugly. Just look at Prince Charles and weep.

DAVID: OK, so the guy's gonna look like Meat Loaf's butt.

JENNIFER: And that's if we get lucky.

DAVID: Hey, no one's asking you to marry him.

JENNIFER: I don't know why we have family conferences if Dad's always made up his mind already.

ALISON passes and taps her on the head.

ALISON: Very perceptive child.

KEVIN: What's wrong with Meat Loaf's butt?

DAVID: Oh, come on everyone – this is going to be great. Dr Bean is a genius of the very highest order.

INT. AEROPLANE – NIGHT

Mr BEAN is boarding the plane. He pauses to take a quick photo of the air stewardess. FLASH! This is the start of his 'holiday' and taking photos is what holidaymakers do. He enters the plane, showing his boarding card in passing – but as he turns right into economy ...

STEWARDESS: Ah, no, sir – you're in fact in first class.

Mr BEAN is absolutely delighted, and very vain about it. He struts towards first – showing his tickets to the proletarians in economy as he passes, pointing at it, giggling.

He couldn't be more thrilled as he finds his seat and sits. He takes a photo of the sixty-

Top: Bean and Tucker

year -old man, TUCKER, in the window seat. TUCKER finds BEAN's behaviour slightly odd. He decides to ignore it. Bean thinks 'Maybe this isn't going to be fun after all.'

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

A close-up of Whistler's Mother – *which then rolls up abruptly – it's a poster. Unfurled again, we see that at the bottom is written: 'THE GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF* WHISTLER'S MOTHER.'

DAVID and BERNICE are sitting and watching WALTER's presentation of merchandising possibilities. WALTER is in charge of such things and takes them tremendously seriously. (He has an equally serious assistant to hand things to him).

DAVID: OK. Simple poster – good. Nice and big.

WALTER: Its actual size. A bargain at $9.99. Next – bath towel.

WALTER next displays a towel with the picture on it.

DAVID: Pushing your luck a little here, Walter.

WALTER: It'll sell.

Next – a poster of the painting – but instead of Whistler's Mother, *there is an almost naked girl sitting astride the chair like Christine Keeler. DAVID simply looks hard at WALTER.*

WALTER: It's Whistler's sister.

DAVID: You're kidding.

WALTER: No, sir. We have a range for every member of the family. Whistler's Mother's cookies – chocolate-chip. Whistler's father's beer mug. And here's a really cute one for the younger-brother range – Whistler's Whistle …

It is a whistle in the shape of Whistler's seated mother.

WALTER: Look, you just blow up her ass. Here, try it.

INT. AEROPLANE – NIGHT

TUCKER has moved forward to the seat in front, no doubt to get away from Mr BEAN. He is asleep. Behind him, Mr BEAN is wide awake. The hostess approaches, and the MOTHER of a YOUNG BOY in the seat adjacent says her son isn't very well.

The boy is very miserable. Mr BEAN decides to cheer him up. He takes an M&M sweet from its packet, throws it up and catches it impressively in his mouth. The YOUNG BOY is not impressed.

Then Mr BEAN has an extremely fun idea.

He takes the empty M&M bag and tries to blow it up. Unfortunately there's a hole in it.

Meanwhile, the YOUNG BOY has taken out his sick bag. Mr BEAN is delighted – yes, that's perfect. He turns away for a split second

to scrunch up the useless M&M bag while, unseen to him, the YOUNG BOY vomits into his bag.

Mr BEAN turns, grabs the bag from him – blows into it, then leans over and holds it out, at arm's length, in front of TUCKER's face. With a big grin, Mr BEAN whacks his hands together. CUT at just the right, not too graphic, moment.

INT. LA AIRPORT. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

BEAN is off the plane. TUCKER strides ahead of him, a huge wet patch in a semicircle around his neck, a member of airline personnel still fussing round and apologising.

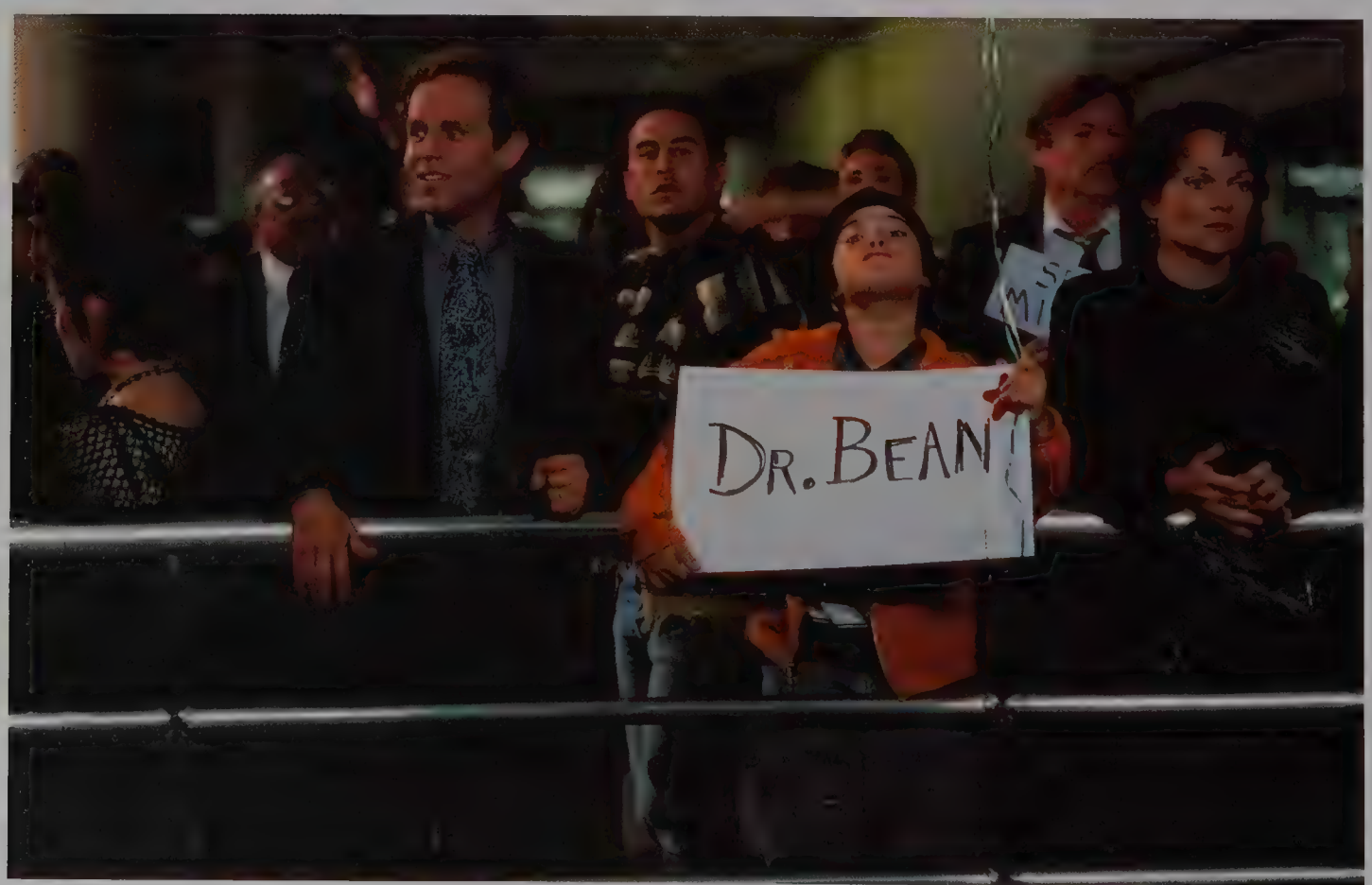
INT. LA AIRPORT. ARRIVALS – NIGHT

The traditional exit area. A random bunch of people are waiting – relatives, limousine drivers. KEVIN has a large cardboard sign with 'DR. BEAN' on it. JENNIFER and ALISON stand beside DAVID, who is excited, peering everywhere.

DAVID: Any second now. I think we're looking for a Brad Pitt lookalike – that's my instinct.

INT. LA AIRPORT. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Mr BEAN is enjoying being taken along by a moving walkway. He takes in his surroundings. There are a couple of COPS leaning against a wall, chatting. Mr BEAN becomes intrigued.



He suddenly notices their excellent-looking guns. Slipping into role-play mode, he reaches into his breast pocket, ready to bring out his imaginary shooter. The COPS turn and stare at him tensely.

Flustered by their interest in him, Mr BEAN needs to get away. He turns and starts to walk in the opposite direction – but finds, of course, that he is walking on the spot. The COPS read this as suspicious behaviour and move towards him edgily. Mr BEAN turns and runs forward.

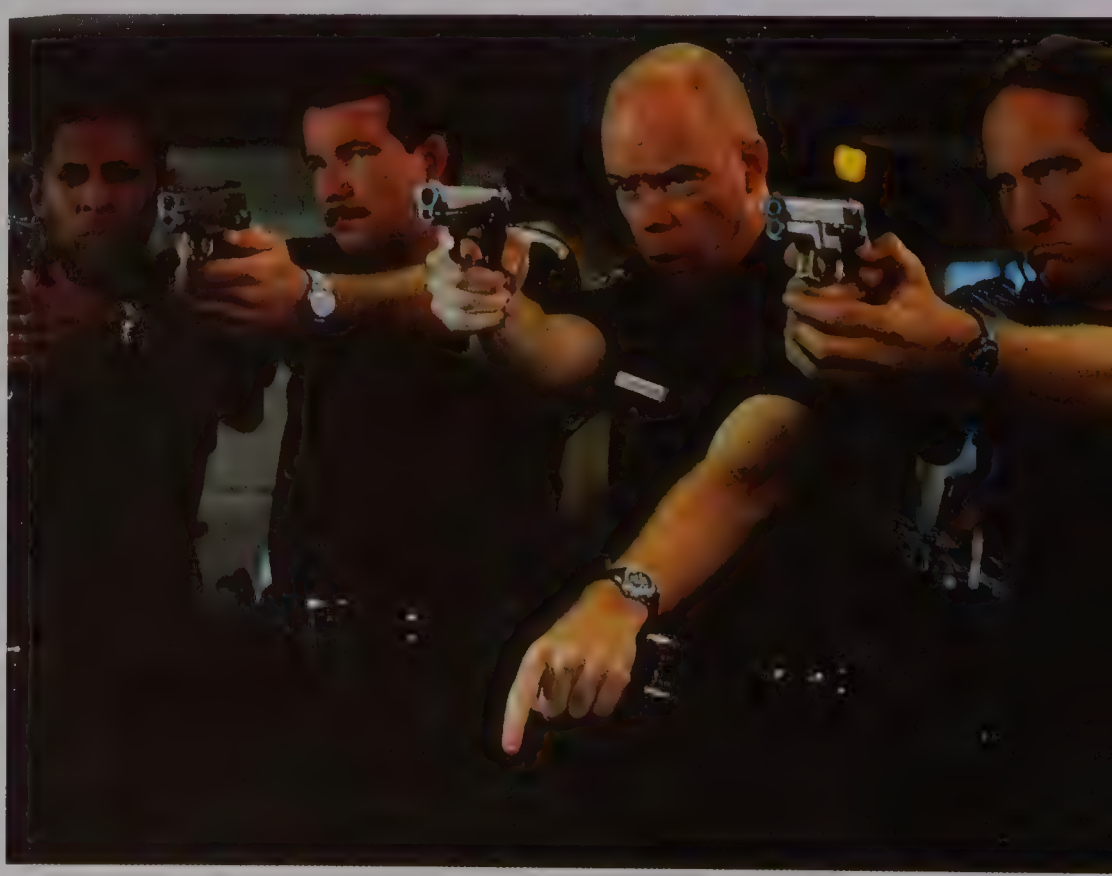
The COPS give chase. Unfortunately, at just that moment they find themselves caught up in a crowd of passengers at one of the gate lounges, while Mr BEAN rushes off at double speed on the travelator. One of the cops speaks into his handset.

COP 1: In foot pursuit of a 4-15 – man with a gun heading into Zone 10 – Terminal Two. Get some people there right now!

INT. LA AIRPORT. CORRIDOR/ LOUNGE AREA – NIGHT

Mr BEAN is running down the busy corridor with the two COPS in pursuit. Panic is spreading rapidly through the crowds as they run. They approach the entry lounge for another departure gate.

COP 1: Everyone on the floor! Now!



Everyone drops to the ground, with much panic and screaming. Everyone including Mr BEAN. A PASSENGER next to him on the floor whispers to him …

PASSENGER: Not you.

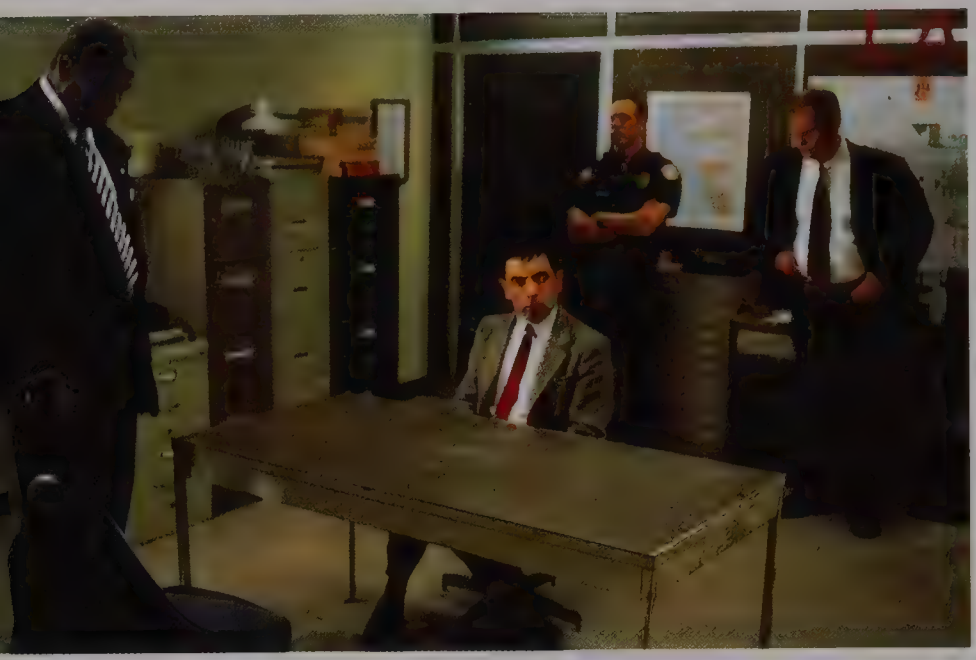
BEAN is grateful for the tip, gets up and goes to run away again … He freezes on the spot, terrified. Six COPS have their guns trained on him in the classic shooting position.

COP 1: Carefully take out your weapon, holding the butt with two fingers only. Slowly place it on the floor and take three steps back!

Shaking like a leaf, BEAN takes out his imaginary gun and, as instructed, places it slowly on the floor. He is terrified. The COPS just stare at him, gobsmacked.

INT. AIRPORT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM – NIGHT

Bright and clinical. Close-up on Mr BEAN sitting behind a table; a very small man in very big trouble. Behind him, two uniformed COPS stand guard. A large, black plain-clothes detective sits opposite, smoking a cigarette. This is BRUTUS. He is a seriously tough, muscled, fifty-year-old police officer.



Above: Brutus

Behind him stands his tough sidekick, BUTLER. BRUTUS studies Mr BEAN's passport photo. It's the stupid face Mr BEAN had done in the photo booth earlier. He holds it up to Mr BEAN's face to make a comparison. Mr BEAN pulls the face to match the photo.

BRUTUS: Mr Bean. Are you presently on any kind of medication?

Mr BEAN thinks deeply for a moment, then shakes his head.

MR BEAN: Not that I know of.

BRUTUS: You could certainly use some.

EXT. LA AIRPORT. TAXI RANK – NIGHT

BUTLER, the cop, puts Mr BEAN in the back of a taxi. Throws in Mr BEAN's case and mac. He takes some dollar notes from his own wallet and hands them to the DRIVER.

BUTLER: Just get him the hell out of here!

INT. LA AIRPORT. ARRIVALS – NIGHT

The LANGLEY family are slumped in seats. ALISON looks very fed up.

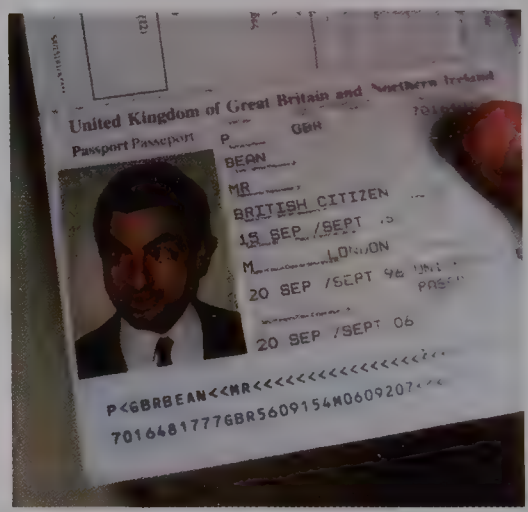
DAVID: Just give him ten more minutes.

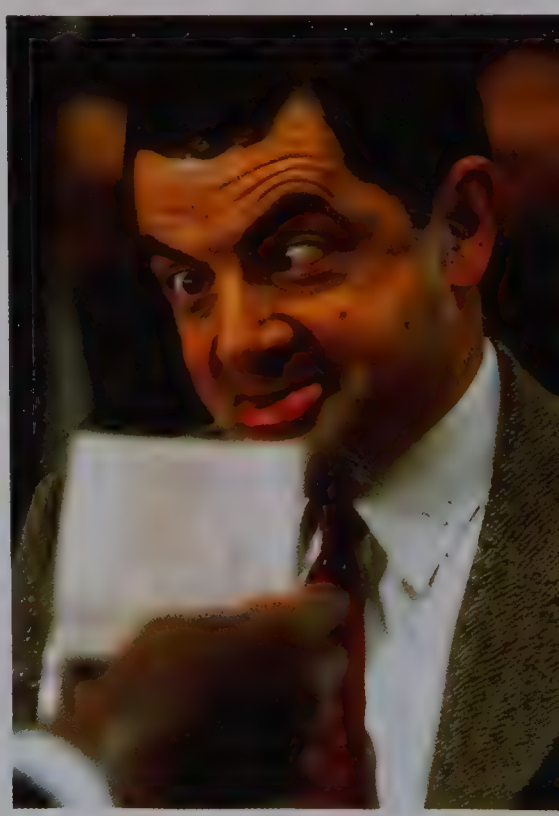
ALISON: Ten more and no more.

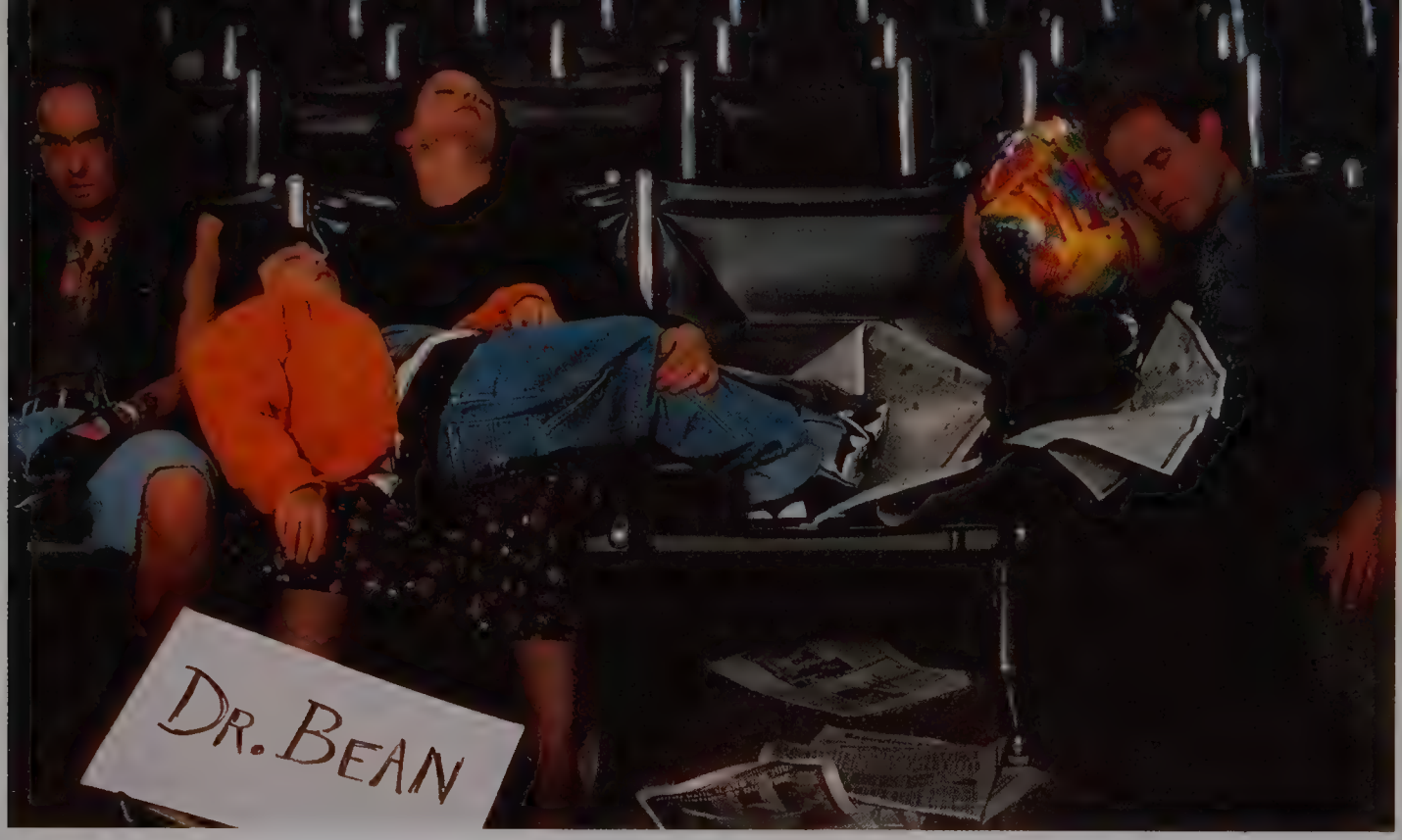
EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – NIGHT

The taxi draws up outside the house. Mr BEAN gets out with his case. Sees the letter box, with the number 1150 on it. Checks his slip of paper. Yup – this is the place. He walks up to the front door and presses the doorbell. No answer. Presses again. Still no answer … Now where have they hidden the key? He inspects things carefully.

The camera sees what he sees … the doormat, the flowerpots, the window ledge … and then he spots a little stone frog. Mr BEAN smiles. Key-hiding is something he knows about – and people are pathetically obvious about it. Mr







BEAN picks up the frog to reveal the key. It glints in the porch light.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. HALLWAY – NIGHT

BEAN lets himself in. The house is dark.

MR BEAN: Anybody at home?

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – NIGHT

ALISON's car draws up outside. The LANGLEYS have arrived home.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM/LANDING – NIGHT

The exhausted family enter an apparently untouched, dark house.

DAVID: Right. I'll check the machine. He might have left a message.

ALISON: He might have missed the plane. That'd be good.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. DAVID AND ALISON'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

It's a little later. DAVID enters the bedroom. ALISON is sitting on the bed, TV switched on, exhausted …: DAVID starts to undress.

DAVID : Well – there's no message.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Mr BEAN, in his pyjamas, is just finishing washing his socks in the sink. The water is filthy. He hums along happily to music on a Walkman.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. DAVID AND ALISON'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

DAVID: Oh, he'll be fine. I mean, don't you think?

ALISON *(watching TV)*: David – I've never met the guy. I don't want to meet the guy. If he never sets foot in this house, that's just fine by me.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Mr BEAN, still humming, wrings out his socks and exits to the landing.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LANDING – NIGHT

Mr BEAN heads for a bedroom. As the door quietly closes we see the sign on the door: 'JENNIFER'. The doors on this landing all do look dangerously similar.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – DAY

The next morning. Shot from across the street. A newspaper boy delivers. Birds sing. It's a lovely, peaceful, early morning. A long scream comes from the house.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING – DAY

JENNIFER hurtles out of her room screaming. She runs and locks herself in the bathroom. The rest of the family run out on to the landing.

ALISON: What is it? Jennifer!

JENNIFER *(v/o)*: ... there's a man ...

DAVID: Honey, calm down ... it's OK.

JENNIFER *(v/o)*: There's a man. I woke up next to a man ...

KEVIN: It wouldn't be the first time.

ALISON: Kevin, cut it out. *(To Jennifer)* Jen, you're not making sense ... It was just a dream.

DAVID: It's OK. There's no one out here. It's just a nightmare.

Pause ... then a click of the bathroom lock ... JENNIFER comes out. Then there's another click. Mr BEAN breezes out of JENNIFER's bedroom, past the family, in his pyjamas, carrying a washbag and a towel over his arm.

MR BEAN *(airily)*: Morning.

He waves to them friendlily, slips into the bathroom and closes the door.

The FAMILY stare in amazement.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Simple shot of Mr BEAN, sitting alone in the middle of the big couch. Opposite sit the entire family on the other couch – echoes of the scene when DAVID asked the kids what they thought of the idea of Mr BEAN coming.

DAVID: So ... ahm ... Doctor ...

Mr BEAN misinterprets David's nervous hesitation as ignorance of his name.

MR BEAN: Bean.

DAVID: Yes – so, Dr Bean ...

Worried look from Mr BEAN – what's he talking about?

DAVID: ... you made it. *(Mr BEAN nods)* Nice flight? *(Mr BEAN nods)* This is Kevin. *(Mr BEAN nods)* This is Jennifer. *(Mr BEAN nods)* And this is my wife Alison. *(Mr BEAN nods again.)*

ALISON: David? Could I just have the tiniest talk with you in the kitchen?

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. THE KITCHEN – DAY

DAVID: I appreciate on first viewing, he's eccentric.

ALISON: David, there are Martians who have been exiled from Mars for looking weird who look less weird than this guy.

DAVID: Yes, he has an original quality about him. But I'm sure in time ...

ALISON: He goes today.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Everyone where they were before.

KEVIN: So tell me, Doctor – what is an inter-uterine device?

JENNIFER: Oh, Jesus – ignore him.

She exits. Mr BEAN takes an M&M from a large glass bowl of them on the table, throws it high in the air and catches it in his mouth.

KEVIN: Pretty cool. Can you do this?

He pulls an exceptionally weird face. Mr BEAN likes it.

MR BEAN: No. But I can do this.

He wiggles his ears. KEVIN loves it.

KEVIN: Neat, wow ... how do you do that?

MR BEAN: Magic.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – DAY

ALISON has won the argument.

ALISON: So you'll say something today?

DAVID: Yes, OK. Today sounds like a good day.

At which moment, Mr BEAN enters. He crosses the kitchen and removes his dried underpants from the oven. This does not strengthen DAVID's position.

EXT. DAVID'S CAR – DAY

DAVID is chatting away eagerly. He has not yet realised the extent to which Mr BEAN is not 'Dr Bean.'

DAVID: Well, sir, an unorthodox start – but I never expected things with a man of your calibre to be normal. You certainly … made an impression on Alison: she was a little thrown this morning – but, believe me, when you get to know her – she's the most wonderful woman in the United States. You married, Doctor?

Mr BEAN laughs and shakes his head.

DAVID: Like to play the field, eh?

Mr BEAN laughs again – but when DAVID turns to him he has become serious.

MR BEAN: I beg your pardon …

DAVID: No, no, I'm sure a man like you has … dedicated his life to his work. I hate to confess, I haven't actually read anything of yours. Tell me, Doctor, what exactly is your position at the gallery?

MR BEAN: I sit in the corner and look at the paintings.

DAVID: Brilliant. Perfect! If only more scholars would do that. Just sit and look. Not lecture, not write, not argue – just sit and look at the paintings themselves.

Mr BEAN is puzzled by this.

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – DAY

Defining shot of Mr BEAN outside the gallery: our first sense of its huge size – of this epic building that this simple man is going to destroy.

EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY.
SECURITY AREA – DAY

DAVID and Mr BEAN approach ELMER, head of Security, at a glass booth where he sits behind a row of closed-circuit TV monitors. Very high-tech …

DAVID: Morning, Elmer.

ELMER: Good morning, sir.

DAVID: Dr Bean …?

ELMER offers Mr BEAN a pen – but Mr BEAN makes a big show of taking out his own fountain pen, and signing his name with it.

ELMER: Thank you. Welcome to the Grierson Gallery, Dr Bean.

DAVID shows Mr BEAN to the main entrance and opens the door for him.

DAVID: Welcome to my world.

They enter the gallery.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

Mr BEAN and DAVID walking swiftly.

DAVID: We're expected in Grierson's office at nine a.m. Now this is a man that does not like to be kept waiting …

Mr Bean spots a Men's Room.

MR BEAN: Yes … ahm … I think I'll …

He gestures that he'd like to tidy up a little, brush his hair, etc.

DAVID *(nervous about the time)*: Right.

Mr BEAN heads into the Men's Room. DAVID watches him go. He's worried. Mr BEAN is not at all what he expected. On the Men's door is a picture of Rodin's Thinker. *On the Ladies, obviously, it's* Whistler's Mother.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WASH ROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN finishes at a urinal and approaches a wash-hand basin. He tidies his hair and tie in a mirror. He pushes down the pressurised tap to wash his hands. It splashes terribly. The whole front of his trousers is soaked. The last thing you want when about to meet your new boss. Damn!

Mr BEAN spots a paper-towel dispenser. He turns towards it, grabs a few and desperately rubs at his trousers. No effect.

Then Mr BEAN notices the hand-drying air machine – surely the answer! He turns it on. A healthy blast of warm air. Annoyingly, it's also rather too high.

He tries jumping and bouncing to get his waist to the right height. It's not going to work. Brainwave! He climbs up on two sinks. Now the drier is blowing in exactly the right place. Mr BEAN sways to let the air cover the whole area.

It's working excellently. At which moment, WALTER exits from a booth and sees him in the mirror. Mr BEAN is in an immensely compromising sex-with-machine position. He pretends he's there to change the light bulb above, which he takes out calmly and polishes. WALTER leaves, Mr BEAN smiles. But as he exits, Mr BEAN's face transforms – he's totally scalded his fingers on the scorching bulb.

Mr BEAN rushes to the sink, puts his fingers under the tap, pushes on the water – and soaks himself all over again. At which moment, DAVID enters.

DAVID: Doctor – I really think we should make a move. We're very late.

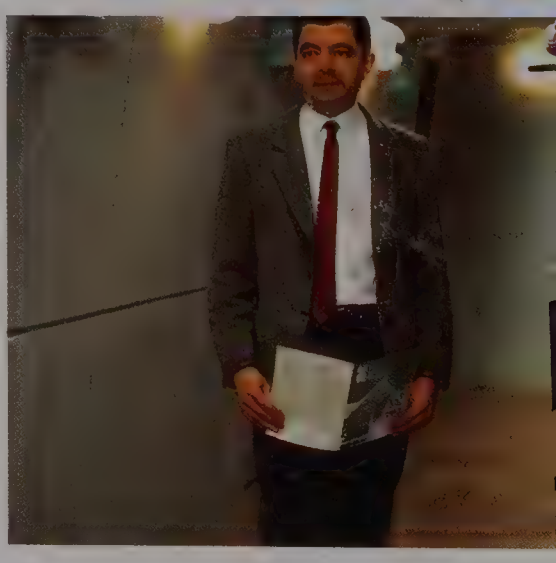
Mr BEAN exits, uneasily hunched to hide his wet patch. They enter the corridor, and he spots a pile of museum brochures about special events. He grabs one and pretends to be reading it as he uses it to shield his wet patch.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. BOARDROOM – DAY

It's a beautiful modern office. Paintings everywhere – and on the wall behind the desk is a full-size, framed poster of Whistler's Mother. *Again, a white strip on the bottom reads: 'THE GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF* WHISTLER'S MOTHER'.

DAVID and Mr BEAN enter. Mr BEAN, rather weirdly, carries a fully open brochure in front of his flies.

GRIERSON: David. Finally. And this must be our professor from across the sea.



DAVID: Yes, this is Dr Bean.

MR BEAN: Actually I'm not … er …

GRIERSON: Delighted, Doctor. We've heard great things about you. We expect great things of you.

He offers Mr BEAN his hand. Mr BEAN has to do a nifty hand-change to free up the correct hand for the handshake. The photographer in attendance takes his photo, with the brochure still firmly in place.

GRIERSON: This is Bernice, in charge of PR. And Walter Hunt, our merchandising manager.

WALTER: Hello, sir. Nice to … meet you.

He is trying to reconcile Mr BEAN's position with the last time he saw him.

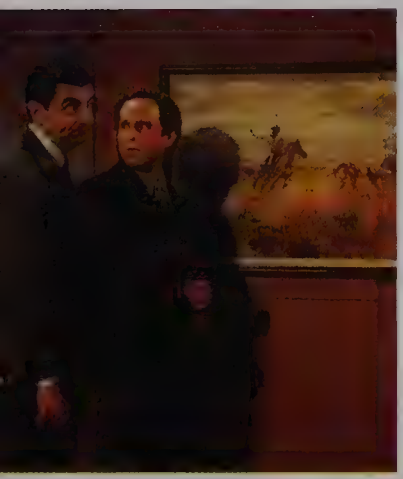
GRIERSON: Take a seat, Doctor. And let me take that old thing – very out of date.

He reaches out to take the brochure. Mr BEAN has to squeeze in right next to the desk and sit behind it, before he can hand it over – thus ensuring the continued invisibility of the wet patch. (Might have him doing up his shoelaces instead here, if there's no desk.)

GRIERSON: Although perhaps before we settle – you might want to feast your eyes on these.

GRIERSON goes to a painting on a wall. DAVID and Mr BEAN follow – Mr BEAN about one inch from DAVID's back, walking in perfect rhythm. Everyone, including DAVID, is slightly perplexed by this behaviour.

GRIERSON: I'll be honest with you, Dr Bean. I'm a businessman who happens to run an art gallery. Could as easily be



manufacturing tanks. But I know what I like. And I like these … and over here …

He heads towards a small painting on the adjacent wall – and Mr BEAN and DAVID follow, still totally glued together. A strange sight.

DAVID: They're beautiful, sir.

GRIERSON: Good. Down to business.

They head back to the desk – but Mr BEAN, in a momentary lapse of concentration, fails to follow. He's now stuck on the wrong side of the room, unable to turn around.

GRIERSON: I've asked Bernice to run through the order of events for the opening. Dr Bean – would you like to join us?

MR BEAN: Ahm … no. Thank you.

GRIERSON is surprised, not pleased.

GRIERSON: Very well. Bernice.

They persevere, although they're only holding the meeting for Mr BEAN. Mr BEAN meanwhile has spotted a fan on the other side of the room. He moves around the room, always facing straight to the wall.

BERNICE: Thank you. Now you will note that anything pertaining to special media requirements is prefixed with an asterisk, i.e. glossy stills requested by some of the favoured weeklies – that sort of thing. Right. So the big day unfolds as follows: Our generous benefactor – General Newton – will be arriving at ten a.m. to meet members of the staff.

When he reaches the fan, Mr BEAN switches it on: unfortunately it's a rotating

fan – so to keep the wind on his trousers, he has to do strange, rhythmic dancing, following the fan's arc.

BERNICE: Then at ten thirty a.m. we have the unveiling of the picture … this of course will be in front of all the press and media – and I mean *all* – I'll consider myself to have failed if we haven't got camera crews from both Mars and Saturn.

DAVID: Walter? I assume all this merchandise will be made available?

WALTER: Absolutely, sir. From fridge magnets to frisbees, we'll be ready.

BERNICE: So it will probably be eleven a.m. when the stage is set for Dr Bean.

GRIERSON: Yes – we really should bring in the Doctor here. Dr Bean?

Mr BEAN is still drying his trousers. He turns, shocked to have been observed. He looks down at his trousers and, HOORAY! They're dry at last. He's delighted, and moves back across the room towards them, hands in pockets, in a big, confident, groin-thrusting, dry-trouser-boasting walk. BERNICE copes well.

BERNICE: Yes, Doctor ... We've just been inspecting the schedule ... If you'd just like to take a look at yours at your convenience ...? The General arrives at ten, he'll unveil the picture at about ten-thirty ...

Mr BEAN is rather more interested in his lovely dry trousers.

BERNICE: And then at eleven we should be ready for your speech.

Mr BEAN, who has just sat down, looks a little perplexed.

GRIERSON: Yes, I think twenty minutes should be long enough ... don't you, Bernice?

BERNICE: Absolutely – *(To Mr BEAN)* I know you could fill hours, sir – but for the press it would be best if you could keep it quite light – throw in a few anecdotes about the actual painting of the picture – and explain why it is considered to be America's Greatest Painting.

Mr BEAN tries to react to this incomprehensible speech.

GRIERSON: Is that going to be enough, Doctor? Twenty minutes?

Mr BEAN gives it a moment's thought, then mutters agreement. Doesn't really know what's going on.

GRIERSON: Excellent. Well, dear friends – if you'll forgive me – I have lunch with the Mayor. All flattery and palm-greasing – not the kind of thing I like – but duty calls. We don't have to do a photo of it, do we Bernice?

BERNICE: It would be good, sir.

GRIERSON: If we have to.

Of course, he wants that photo. WALTER approaches holding up a pair of boxer shorts with the face of Whistler's mother printed on them.

WALTER: Sir?

GRIERSON: Walter – we'll deal with the shorts later.

WALTER: Certainly, sir. I'll just leave them here.

He puts down the shorts. DAVID gives them a sceptical look.

WALTER: And I'll send up the pantyhose the moment they arrive.

GRIERSON: Thank you Walter.

BERNICE and WALTER leave.

GRIERSON: Well, Doctor – good to meet you – a complex experience. Enjoy your stay with David. They're simple people … but warm. *(Mr BEAN nods)* David – if I could just have a private word.

DAVID: OK. *(To Mr BEAN)*Why don't you wait for me back at the new acquisitions? I'll join you shortly.

Mr BEAN nods and leaves … after a final sweeping display of his dry trousers at the door. GRIERSON turns firmly to DAVID.

GRIERSON: He's a genius, right?

DAVID: That's right, sir.

GRIERSON: Good. The unveiling of *Whistler's Mother* is the most important thing ever to happen to this gallery. And Dr Bean was your choice.

DAVID: I understand that, sir. Thank you.

GRIERSON goes back to his desk, and casually flicks through some mail. DAVID is almost at the door, when …

GRIERSON: It's amazing, now that we've got *Whistler's Mother*, the calibre of people who are writing to me, unsolicited, asking for positions in the gallery.

DAVID *(gets the threat)*: Oh …

He is left alone. His face reflects the trouble he's starting to sense he's in.

EXT./INT. DAVID'S CAR. EVENING

DAVID and Mr BEAN driving home.

DAVID: Dr. Bean, when we … oh!

Mr BEAN unexpectedly jolts his seat back into the fully reclined position. DAVID is momentarily thrown …

DAVID: Ah … Dr Bean, when we get home – I wonder if you'd mind giving me a private moment with my wife. There's just a little something I need to work out with her.

MR BEAN: No problem.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. RECEPTION/LIVING ROOM – EVENING

DAVID and Mr BEAN enter the house and move into the living room.

DAVID: Right – now – why not stay here?

Mr BEAN approaches a picture on the wall, of ALISON and DAVID on their honeymoon, or something sentimental.

DAVID: Oh no – ignore that. Her mother gave it to us, so we have to … you know …

Mr BEAN moves on and starts playing with a very delicate and beautiful crystal ornament.

DAVID: Yes – I think best to leave that – just – it's a limited edition and actually quite val … and very … ahm … delic … I think best just … to leave it, perhaps … yeah … there would be good.

Mr BEAN, slightly puzzled, puts the ornament down on a coffee table. DAVID exits to kitchen. Mr BEAN carefully places the ornament on a black surface, in order to get at an interesting magazine.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – EVENING

DAVID enters. ALISON is working at the kitchen table.

DAVID: Ali.

ALISON: Hiya. No Dr Bean?

DAVID: Well, no, he is here, but …

ALISON *(calls out)*: Jennifer – Kevin!! Plan B.

DAVID: What's Plan B?

KEVIN enters, wearing a jacket and carrying a bright plastic travelling bag.

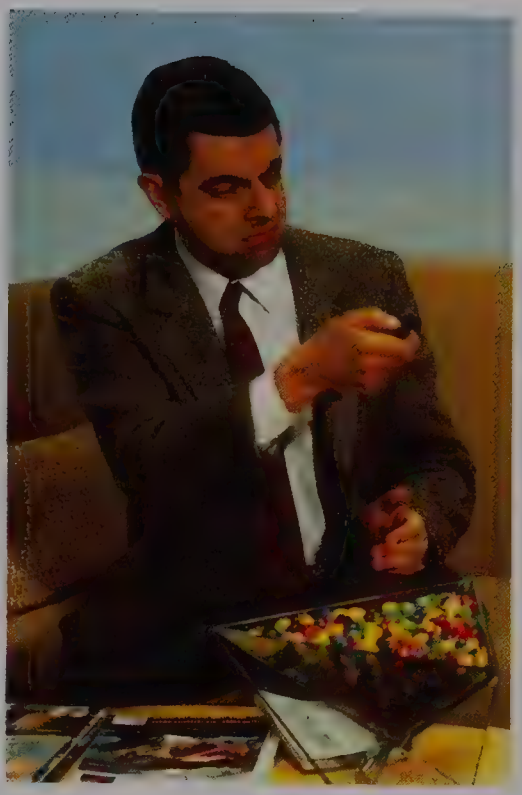
KEVIN: Plan B is if you haven't gotten rid of Dr Bean – we go straight to Grandma's.

JENNIFER walks past, with her boogie box and high fashion carrier bag.

JENNIFER: Screwed up again, huh, Dad?

DAVID: Oh come on – there was no time to raise the subject.

ALISON: Kevin, start the car.



ALISON always treats KEVIN like a smart adult. She throws him the car keys.

DAVID: Wait a second and look …

ALISON: No! You look, David my darling – I ask you for very few things. I asked you to get rid of Dr Bean. You've made your choice. So you two stay here and really get to grips with post-

modernism ... but I am taking our children to my mother's.

DAVID: Give him one last chance ... please ...

ALISON *(thinks long and hard)*: OK.

ALISON takes him immediately at his word. She heads out of the kitchen, towards the living room. DAVID follows.

DAVID: I think you'll find he's a lot better when you get to know him – though ... *(Losing confidence a little)* though I can't deny ...

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. RECEPTION/LIVING ROOM. EVENING

ALISON: Hello Doctor.

Mr BEAN is playing with what he thinks is the TV remote, pointed at the TV.

MR BEAN: Hello.

DAVID: No, that's not the TV – it's the stereo.

But too late – the precious ornament, that Mr BEAN had unfortunately carefully replaced on top of the CD on the stereo, flies through the air.

It smashes into the honeymoon picture, which crashes to the floor – just an instant before the ornament itself lands and explodes into a hundred pieces.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – EVENING

ALISON's car, a Land Rover, pulls away. DAVID is left waving. He turns. Mr BEAN is standing weirdly close behind him, waving too.

DAVID: Yeah. Well. There they go ... Well, Doctor. We have the whole weekend together. To get to know each other ... I thought tomorrow we might really do LA.

Mr BEAN is suddenly interested.

DAVID: Start with the Gallery of American Indian art – then cover the California State Gallery – and finally try this new space, the Rabowitz, which is *the* place for abstract expressionism. Sound good to you?

Mr BEAN thinks hard, but looks a little doubtful.

DAVID: Did you have something else in mind?

Mr BEAN nods with a huge grin. And holds up his Polaroid camera.

American dream, as he and DAVID cruise through the streets in DAVID's convertible.

The general theme is that Mr BEAN is very busy taking photographs of all he sees. We see him, rather frustratingly, trying to take photos as the car moves. He gets a snap of the huge cut-out Marlboro Man on Sunset Boulevard, then starts shooting at it with his imaginary gun.

EXT. STREETS OF LA – DAY

A montage of Mr BEAN having a great time with DAVID:

The brightest possible day. Bright music. We now see the LA that Mr BEAN came for, his

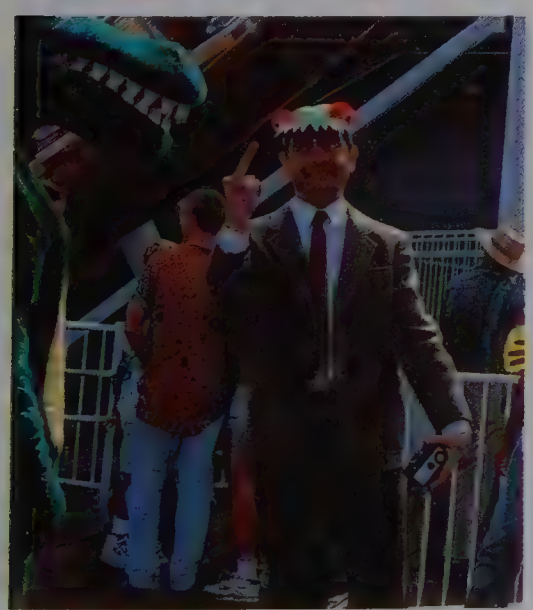
Mr BEAN takes a picture of DAVID – very close, right up in his face. The car swerves.

Mr BEAN sees something on the other side of the car – and leans across DAVID very dangerously to get the right angle on it.

He takes pictures of weird buildings, mounted policemen, people sitting outside cafés, palm trees, hot-dog stands, anything that takes his eye.

The car stops at some lights. A tough-looking BIKER draws alongside. Mr BEAN gives him a friendly thumbs-up. The guy gives him the 'finger'. Mr BEAN thinks it's the equivalent of a thumbs up. He mulls this over ...

The car moves on – soon they pass a pair of pleasant old ladies. Mr BEAN tries out his new-found friendly gesture and gives them the finger. They are perplexed. Some happy women JOGGERS wave sweetly to Mr BEAN and DAVID as they drive by – Mr BEAN gives them the finger too.



Car still on the move – Mr BEAN is just standing on the back seat, arms splayed – ecstatic – he then expresses his true affection for everyone by giving the whole world the finger. They are now heading down to the beach – Mr BEAN is now a total beach boy. He sits on the back of the car, a-twisting the day away.

End of montage.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER – DAY

This is absolutely Mr BEAN's ideal. Huge rides and T-shirt shops and people in hats with ears. DAVID takes a picture of Mr BEAN, who also carries an enormous tub of popcorn. And wears a silly hat. Mr BEAN points …

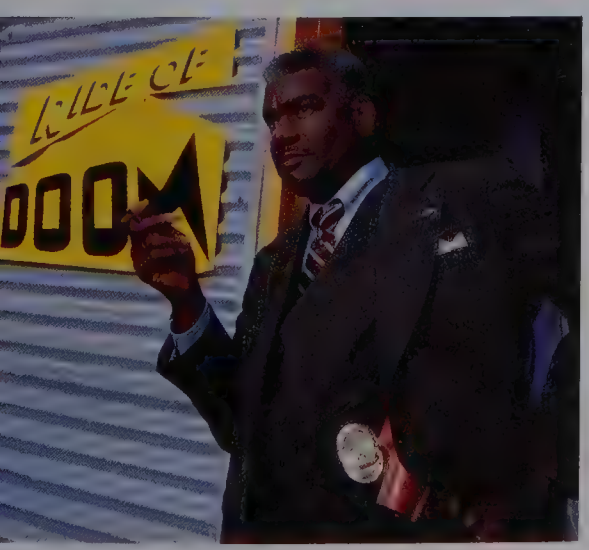
EXT. RIDE OF DOOM – DAY

Establish entrance to the ride. A sign tells us

this is 'THE RIDE OF DOOM'. With a sub-quote: 'IT'S FRIGHTENING'. Mr BEAN can't wait to get inside.

INT. RIDE OF DOOM

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN on this sensational simulated ride. All the other people are screaming and whooping – but Mr BEAN is completely passive, very unimpressed.*



CUT TO – *The end of the ride. Mr BEAN is looking very disappointed, filing out with the others at the exit.*

He spots the control room. It's door is ajar … Mr BEAN sees the control panels – glinting and alluring. IDEA! He gestures for DAVID to get some more tickets and heads towards the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Mr BEAN enters the small, empty control room full of impressive circuitry and computer bits. He takes out his screwdriver and tinkers with dangerous-looking bits and pieces.

INT. THE RIDE OF DOOM

Mr BEAN and DAVID arrive back at the seats. The latter slightly puzzled by Mr BEAN's sniggering and conspiratorial behaviour. Once seated, Mr BEAN encourages DAVID to hang on tight.

MR BEAN: Brace yourself …

He grasps the armrests and ... the ride starts with a huge jolt. Mr BEAN has turned the ride up to ten times its original violence – as the other passengers fly out of their seats into the air, shooting out of and through the frame, Mr BEAN grins – this is more like it – he's having the time of his life.

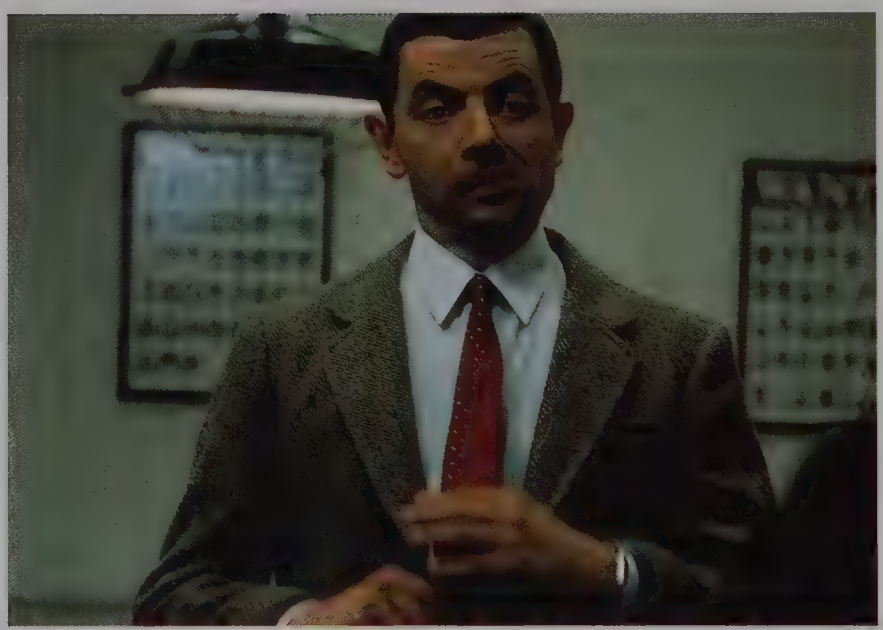
INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN is sitting in a chair – nervously. The bottom half of a very obvious policeman passes behind him – gun, keys, belt. He's in big trouble again. BUTLER, BRUTUS's side-kick gives him the eyeball and he and the uniformed COP leave Mr BEAN alone in the room, where one wall is a large mirror.

Mr BEAN notices himself in the mirror. Pulls a small face. Then a bigger one. He approaches the mirror. Fools around a little – then gets engrossed, miming a heavy-metal rock guitar solo.

INT. POLICE SIDE ROOM – DAY

BUTLER, BRUTUS and DAVID are watching Mr BEAN through a two-way mirror. BRUTUS turns to DAVID.



BRUTUS: He's a genius, huh?

DAVID *(so doubtful now)*: Yes, that's what they tell me.

BRUTUS: Looks like a fruitcake to me. And you're willing to take responsibility for his actions?

DAVID nods, knowing his doom. Life has thrown him a cruel ball. Mr BEAN moves right up close to the mirror. The camera flashes irritatingly in BRUTUS's face.

BRUTUS: You're a braver man than me – and I single-handedly take on gangs armed with AK47s. *(To BUTLER)* Get him out of here and tell him that his is a butt I would dearly like to kick. And next time I will.

INT. LANGLEY KITCHEN – EVENING.

Mr BEAN is at the ironing board. DAVID is pacing.

DAVID: Now, Doctor – there's something that we have to talk about – I don't quite know how to put this, but … are you sure it's necessary to iron underpants?

That is what Mr BEAN is doing. He's always done it.

MR BEAN: Oh, yes …

At which moment, the doorbell rings. DAVID heads off to the door.

DAVID: Whoever that is, I'll get rid of them.

Above: Sylvia Grierson

He goes to the door and opens it. Standing there is a grinning GEORGE GRIERSON and a big-haired, confident, MRS GRIERSON, dressed for dinner, holding two bottles of wine.

MRS GRIERSON: There he is!

GRIERSON: David. So sorry we're late. The traffic. Terrible, you wouldn't believe it ...

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – EVENING

DAVID has got the GRIERSONS seated. He's being the cheery, happy host.

MRS GRIERSON: Oh, what a place ... The way she ... it's the green. No, it's the yellow ... it's the yellow – she is so ... well, where *is* Alison?

DAVID attempts to be the jolly host. All is normal.

DAVID: Ah ... let me just say about Alison. I have bad news and good news. The bad news is that Alison has had to go and visit her mom, who ... well ... isn't well.

MRS GRIERSON: Oh dear. Poor thing!

DAVID has to follow it through. Pause.

DAVID: Yes, it's terribly sad. But the good news is that Dr Bean and I are cooking.

GRIERSON: Are you sure that's good news?

MRS GRIERSON: Of course it is, George – all the world's greatest chefs are men. What's on the menu, Maestro?

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. THE KITCHEN – EVENING

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN taking a very large turkey out of the refrigerator. DAVID enters, panicking.*

DAVID: How could I forget ... *(Sees*

turkey) No way – that's for Thanksgiving – Alison would kill me. There's got to be something else.

He goes to the fridge and looks in. Tiny pause.

DAVID: OK. You stuff it, I'll distract them.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – EVENING

DAVID is turning away from the trolley, bringing drinks to his guests.

DAVID: Here's your Sea Breeze, whatever … and a single malt for George. I'm gonna have the same.

The GRIERSONS chink glasses playfully. DAVID laughs along. He's clearly decided to brave this situation out and distract them.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mr BEAN is very busy with the stuffing. He opens the legs of the enormous bird, and pushes the stuffing in energetically.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

DAVID: So … er … fingers crossed for the big day, I guess.

GRIERSON: Bean's speech going to be OK? We don't want to die of boredom the second he opens his mouth.

MRS GRIERSON: Oh no, I'm sure he'll be fascinating.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – EVENING

Mr BEAN still stuffing turkey. Unfortunately, when he pulls back his hand, his watch is lost. Exasperated, he starts taking out the stuffing. He looks inside. Darkness. He produces his torch, stands back and shines it in. No luck. He opens the legs even wider and peers in. Then he takes it that one stage further, and to get a better look gets right up close …

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LOUNGE – NIGHT

GRIERSON: Tell me straight, David: What do you think of the Mayor?

MRS GRIERSON: Maybe I should go and give Dr Bean a hand with the food – let you boys talk politics.

DAVID: No, Sylvia. Please sit down. The doctor is in complete control of the situation.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mr BEAN stands up straight. He now has a large turkey stuck on his head. It seriously interferes with his ability to see. He moves around, bumping into walls and pots and pans.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

GRIERSON is pontificating. DAVID is nodding pliantly.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mr BEAN is still bouncing off the walls.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

GRIERSON: What this city needs is strong leadership and real vision. And I don't think that's going to come from some compromised career politician.

We see – though none of them do – Mr BEAN walking across the kitchen in the background – turkey lodged on his head. He retreats again.

MRS GRIERSON: Which is why George should run for office. He's the right man and everybody knows it.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mr BEAN walks into a work surface and sends some china plates flying. They must have heard it in the other room.

A few minutes later: DAVID succeeds in pulling the turkey off Mr BEAN's head. Mr BEAN is happy to find his watch in his mouth. They cram the giant turkey into the microwave oven. They are both out of breath.

DAVID: What do you think? Twenty minutes?

Mr BEAN nods confidently. DAVID turns the dial.

DAVID: Right … just put a few vegetables on and come and say hello.

He exits – leaving Mr BEAN worried about the amount of turkey stuffing in his hair.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

DAVID and the GRIERSONS sit in silence. It has been an age. Mr BEAN jauntily enters from the kitchen wearing a chef's hat which he has hurriedly made out of a rolled sheet of newspaper to hide the mess of stuffing in his hair. The word 'CHEF' has been

scribbled on the front with a red felt pen – just in case we mistook it for something else. He carries a chopping board.

MRS. GRIERSON: Ah! Maestro. My taste buds are positively tingling with anticipation.

Mr BEAN offers the GRIERSONS chopped onion rings on cocktail sticks. Not really very appetizing.

GRIERSON: No, no thanks.

DAVID *(tense)*: I think we'll pass on the appetizer.

GRIERSON: So Bean. Big day Tuesday. Your big day. My big day. *(Mr BEAN nods)* I have a question for you …

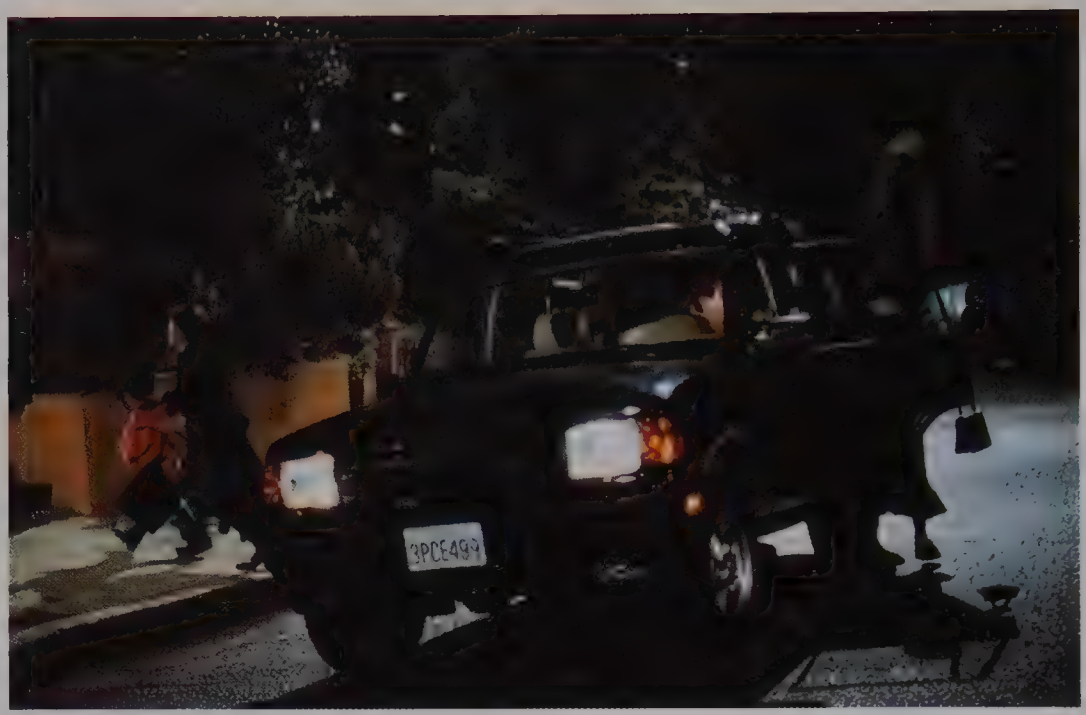
Strange sounds are coming from the microwave oven – a heavy shaking sound … Mr BEAN rushes back out to the kitchen to investigate.

DAVID: Yes, he's very attentive to detail.

Everything must be just so.

At which moment, there is a massive explosion and more than a bucket load of turkey bits shoots across the kitchen area – followed by Mr BEAN's paper hat. The GRIERSONS are frozen in shock.

DAVID: Sylvia – George. How about we have dinner another night?



INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – NIGHT

It is now late, around eleven p.m. Mr BEAN and DAVID are sitting on stools in the still spattered kitchen. There seems to be turkey on the walls.

DAVID: Pass the peas.

Mr BEAN hands him a packet of frozen peas. DAVID munches a few thoughtfully.

DAVID: Bean, I think we need to be honest with each other. I can't deny that over the last few days some suspicions have started to gather in my mind. Can I ask you a few direct questions?

Mr BEAN nods – concentrating hard.

DAVID: Well, number one: are you a doctor?

Mr BEAN is frightened by this.

MR BEAN: No.

DAVID: Ah ... OK. Number two: Do you know anything about art?

Mr BEAN doesn't understand the question.

DAVID: Well, just for instance ... was Leonardo da Vinci an American basketball player?

Mr BEAN thinks hard. Then ...

MR BEAN: Yes.

DAVID: One of the best.

DAVID closes his eyes and lets this sink in. Mr BEAN gets up to get himself something. At which moment, there's a turn of the handle on the kitchen door. It's the kids.

KEVIN: Hi Dad.

JENNIFER: Hi Dad.

Enter ALISON. Mr BEAN returns to his seat – he's not been visible for the last few seconds.

ALISON: Hello, Doctor.

KEVIN: Bye Dad.

JENNIFER: Bye Dad.

It's Plan B again.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – NIGHT

ALISON and the KIDS are in the car. DAVID talks through the window.

DAVID: I was just about to do it when the Griersons came over and …

ALISON: We'll be at Judy's. Don't call me, David – I need time to think about us. And you need time to figure out what our family means to you.

She drives away. DAVID is silent and sad. 'She's Gone' by Hall and Oates begins to play.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. DAVID AND ALISON'S BEDROOM – DAY

It's Monday morning. David feels for Alison as he wakes. But she's not there.

'She's gone – oh, I … I've got to learn how to face it. She's gone.'

DAVID sleepily walks into the bathroom and turns on the shower. On the way out he spots a tube – and looks at it – it's ALISON's Immac – he misses her already. He walks back into the bedroom. He takes a towel from a cupboard and returns to the bathroom. He removes his pyjamas and gets into the steam-filled shower. But the camera above reveals that he is not alone. Mr BEAN has entered the shower while he was out, and is now happily soaping himself, wearing ALISON's shower cap. Manly screams from the both of them.

DAVID: For God's sake, Bean!

A wall phone rings. Mr BEAN helpfully reaches for the handset.

MR BEAN: Hello. Ah – Mr Grierson! Yes, he's here in the shower with me.

DAVID snatches away the handset.

DAVID: Yes, hello, Mr Grierson. No, no, you must have misunderstood him. What can I …? She is? *(Very excited)* Oh, thank you for calling me. Yes, OK … goodbye.

MR BEAN: Bye.

EXT./INT. DAVID'S CAR – DAY

The two of them are driving into work. Mr BEAN is playing with the car's cigarette lighter.

DAVID: I can't believe it. *Whistler's Mother* has actually arrived in LA. Now listen, I am begging you – as a man whose entire professional career depends on you – behave rationally today.

But then he looks round at Mr BEAN who has the lighter up his nostril.

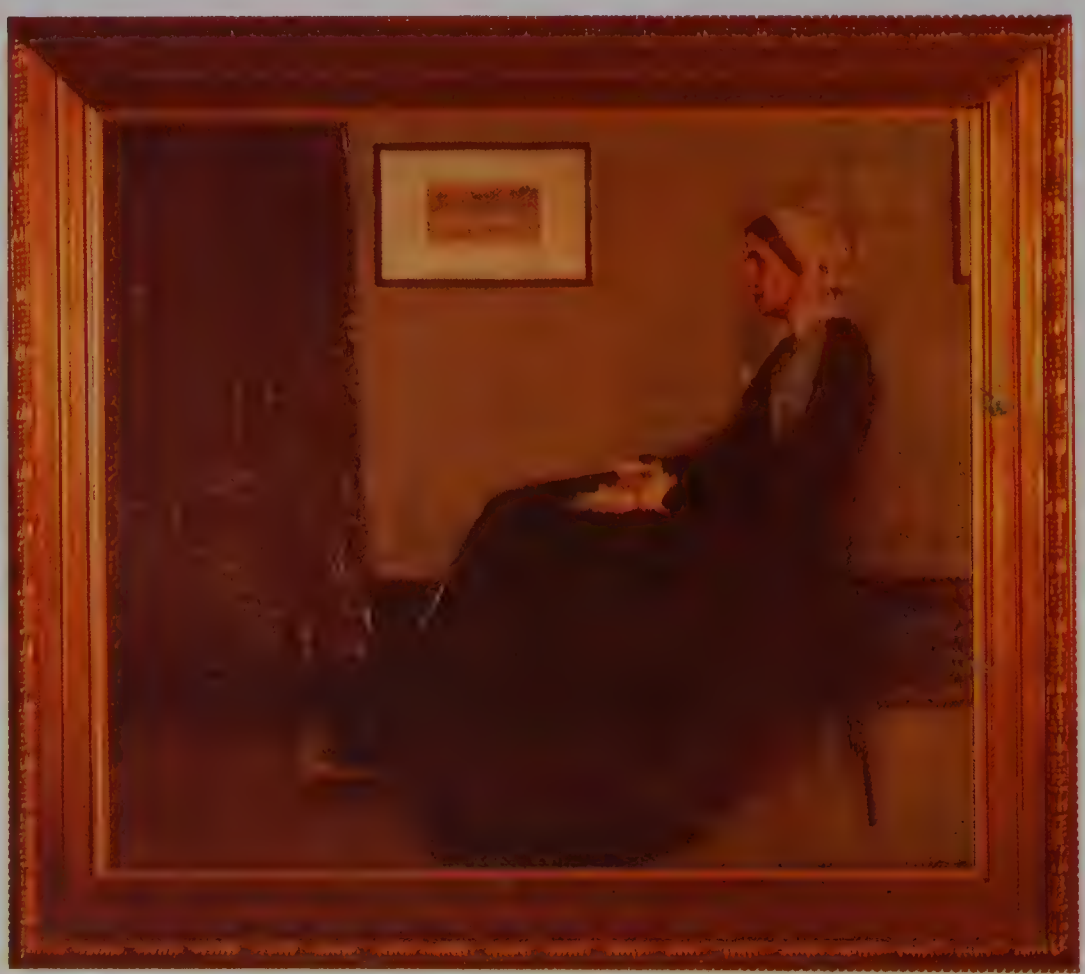
DAVID: There is no God.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

Big emotion in the music as they walk towards the room. DAVID is taking big breaths – he is very excited – it's like meeting ... Princess Diana and Mother Teresa and Catherine Deneuve and the Queen all at once.

INT. *WHISTLER'S MOTHER*'S ROOM – DAY

They enter. GRIERSON, WALTER, BERNICE and other STAFF are present. And there – at the end of the room – in all her



glory – is Whistler's Mother. *Music plays – it's a magical moment – a fabulous picture. Love at first sight.*

DAVID: Wow. *(Pause – then to Mr BEAN)* What do you think?

Mr BEAN thinks hard then offers his professional judgment.

MR BEAN: Nice frame.

GRIERSON comes up to him.

GRIERSON: Well done, David. She's magnificent. Worth every bright green buck.

DAVID: Thank you, George. She's something else, isn't she?

GRIERSON *(to all)*: Enjoy her while you can, folks – after this morning, we lock her up till the guy who paid for her turns up.

The painting is at the end of the room, with a strong outer casing of shining steel, which will close in front of it, as an extra level of security.

GRIERSON: And I believe we have a security meeting.

ELMER: That's right, sir. *(To DAVID)* This is your key to the encasement system. There are only two and I have the other one – so if the painting turns up missing I'll know where to come.

All laugh as DAVID takes the plastic swipe card.

ELMER *(cont'd)*: And if you could all join me at the security console …

People file out after ELMER.

GRIERSON *(to Mr BEAN)*: Doctor, why don't you stay here – maybe a look at the real thing will inspire you for your speech.

DAVID *(to Mr BEAN)*: Just stay here – don't leave the room till I get back. OK?

Mr BEAN nods. DAVID is a little nervous, but can't see what could go wrong. He exits.

Mr BEAN is at a loose end. Eventually he tries mimicking the way Mrs Whistler is sitting in the painting.

Above: Elmer

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
SECURITY AREA – DAY

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN seated, as observed by a monitor in the Security Room. Pull out. ELMER is showing everyone the security system protecting the painting. He is in an area in the Main Reception. There is a bank of monitors at a desk, with a chair where ELMER sits to watch them. In front of the desk is a table.*

ELMER: As you can see – we have two twenty-four-hour cameras covering the room – and two outside. As for the steel security cabinet, only myself and

Mr Langley are now in possession of the key card to open it. If you'd like to move outside …

For this short period, absolutely no one is watching the monitors. The camera, shooting from behind the desk, sees Mr BEAN standing up.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
WHISTLER ROOM – DAY

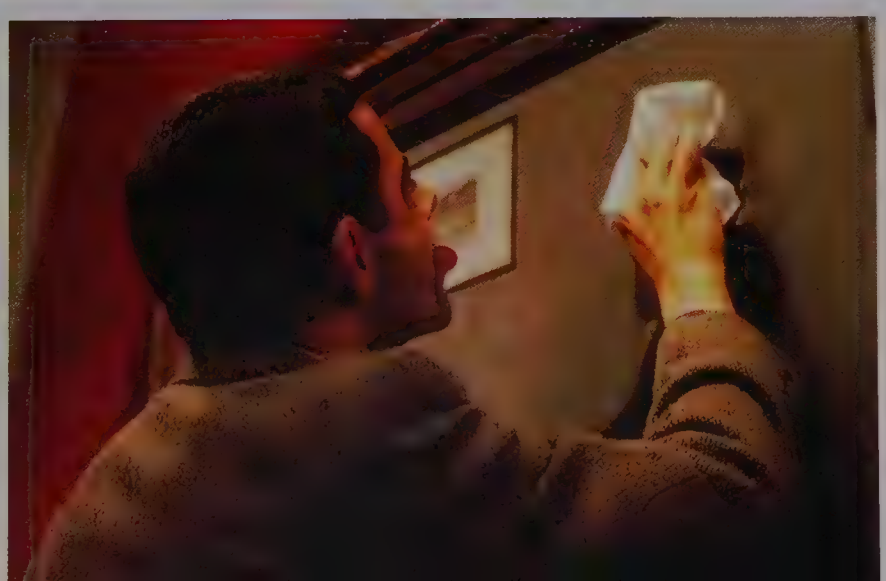
Something has caught Mr BEAN's eye. He goes up and inspects the painting closely. He tuts disapprovingly as he spots dust on the bottom of the frame. He blows it away fussily. He steps back to admire the painting. There is

dust up his nose and – SNEEZE! – rather messily, all over the painting.

Mr BEAN takes out his handkerchief and wipes the goo off in panic. Then looks back at the painting. Unfortunately, there now seems to be a big blue mark right across Mrs. Whistler's face.

Mr BEAN rushes and closes the door into the room. He can hardly bear to return to the picture – it's like the body of someone he's just unexpectedly murdered.

Mr BEAN checks his handkerchief. Yes, there's wet ink all over it. He finds the leaking pen in his pocket. Oh God. He takes it out



of his shirt, and wipes the painting. No good! The ink just spreads right over Whistler's mother's pure white collar.

At which instant, the door opens – and BERNICE walks in. Mr BEAN tries casually to stand in front of the terrible damage.

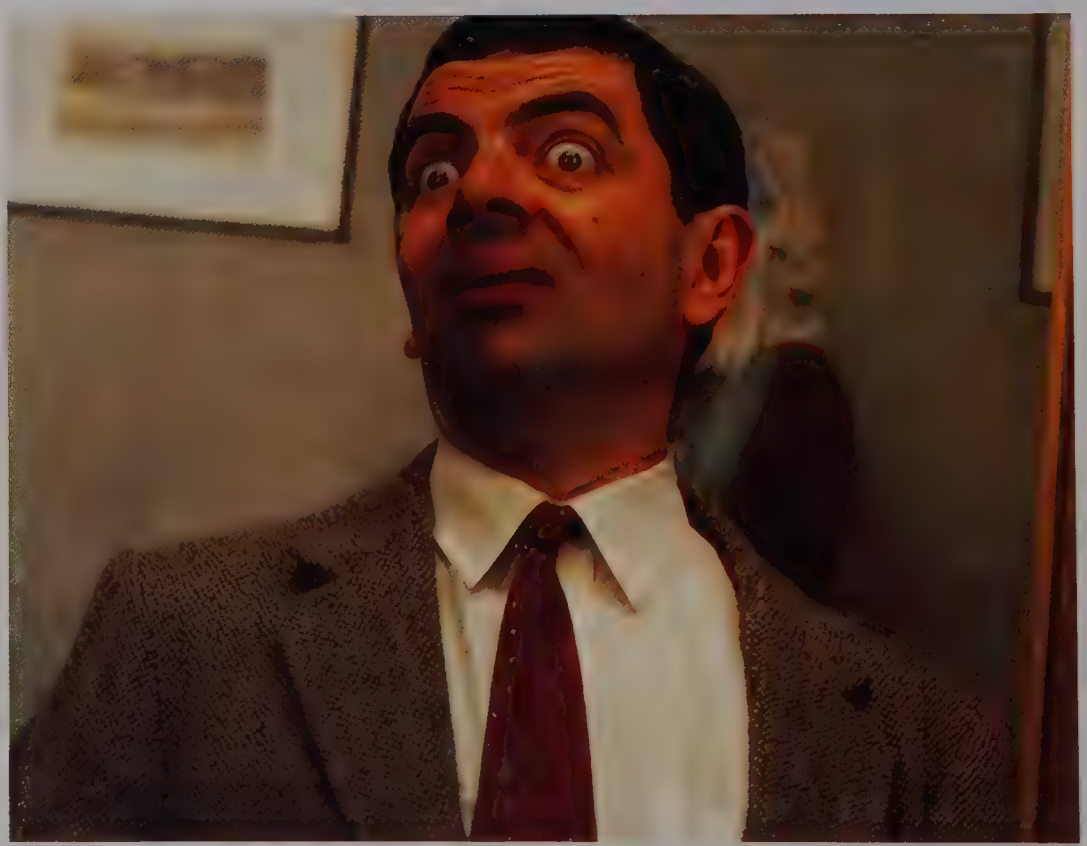
BERNICE: They at the security meeting already? *(Mr BEAN nods)* Damn. Thanks.

She leaves. Mr BEAN now looks round in panic. What the hell can he do?

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY AREA – DAY

ELMER has set up maps and models on a table for the meeting.

ELMER: This chart maps all the security elements for the big day. As usual in these circumstances, I've given the operation a code name, which is 'Operation *Whistler's Mother*'.

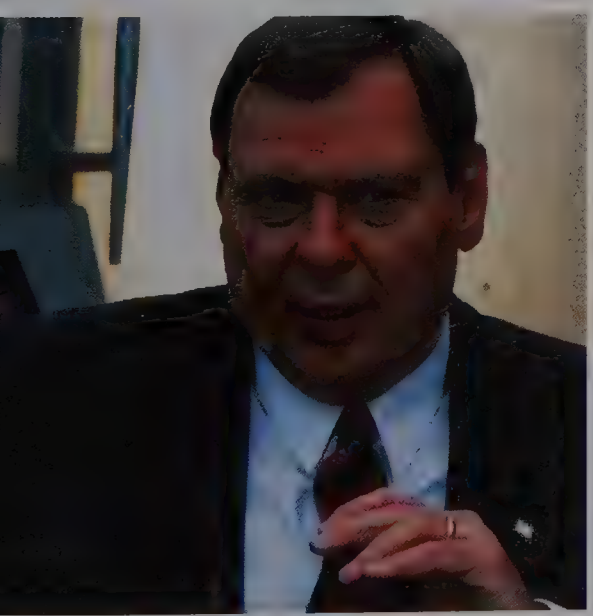


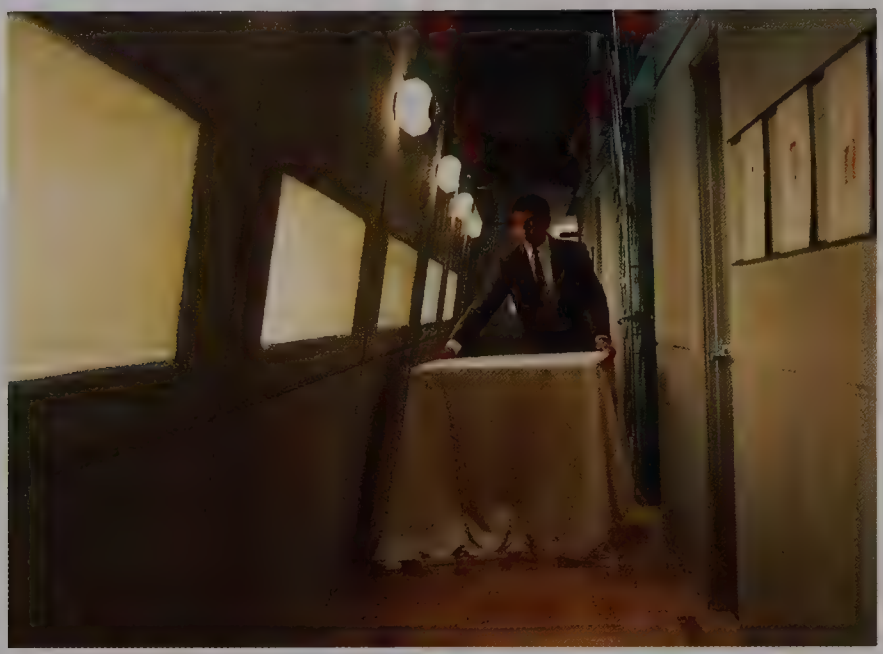
INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN takes the picture down from the wall. He finds it heavier than he expected. Once it's down on the ground, frame and all, the ink-covered face is right in front of him. He spits on his shirt – and gives it one last rub. Which causes the picture to fall back out of the frame. For an instant, Mr BEAN loses balance, and takes three heavy steps right across the painting – and then back over it. Blasphemy. He grapples with the frame – tries to stand it on its edge – gives up and lets it clatter to the floor.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY AREA – DAY

On the monitors, we now see the Whistler room door open, and Mr BEAN emerging,





pushing what appears to be a trolley covered with a white cloth.

ELMER: But fear not, gentlemen – with the system we've put in here nothing'll touch that painting short of an earthquake that takes down the whole gallery.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR – DAY

Mr BEAN and the trolley. Although, if you look carefully, this trolley actually has no legs. It is the painting covered with a tablecloth. To make it a bit more convincing, Mr BEAN makes an apt squeaky noise.

Mr BEAN proceeds along the thin corridor and then sees the CATERING MAN with an exactly similar trolley coming back, heading right towards him.

A problem – the corridor is too narrow. As they get close, Mr BEAN suddenly pretends he sees something astonishing behind the oncoming CATERING MAN …

When he turns, Mr BEAN just twists his painting sideways and shoots past him. The trolley pusher is deeply perplexed when he looks back and Mr BEAN is no longer there.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

Mr BEAN is now heading down a corridor. He sees a Men's Room and heads into it.

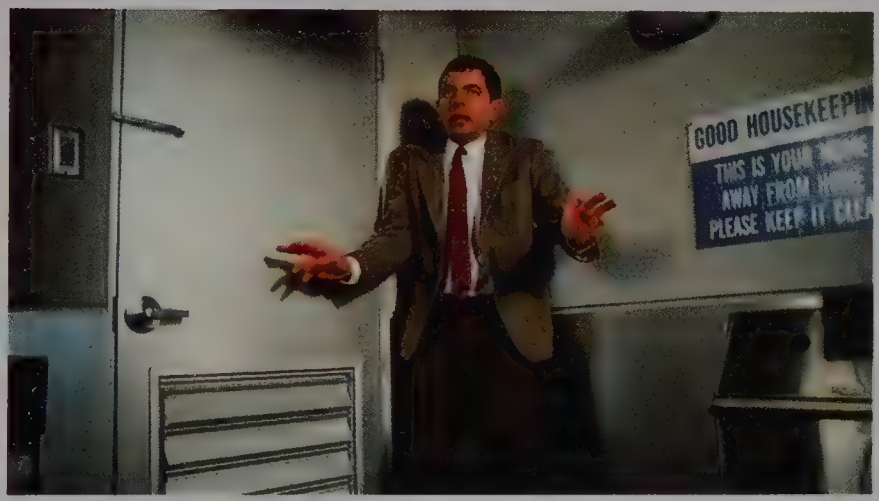
INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. MEN'S ROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN enters the Men's Room. It is a small, thin room, just a little sink, a towel and a toilet. About a yard wide – but the picture fits in. Mr BEAN starts to wash the painting – when the door handle turns. Damn. Someone at the door already. Mr BEAN panics and scrubs on with the toilet brush.

CUT TO – *outside – a very impatient man – knocks.*

IMPATIENT MAN: Hey, could you hurry it up in there …?

Back inside, Mr BEAN has made no progress. Another knock on the door. There are now four people waiting. Mr BEAN is very worried.



INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM – DAY

Pause. Then out comes Mr BEAN, drying his empty hands. Rubs his stomach as though he's had a bad upset. We see into the room. Nothing there. No sign of the painting.

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUNDS – DAY

The security meeting is now moving outside the gallery. The entire group is coming down the outside spiral stairs: BERNICE, ELMER, DAVID, WALTER, GRIERSON.

ELMER: We'll have guards placed on this staircase with an excellent view of the grounds. Should anyone attempt to force their way into the gallery from the outside, I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say they'll receive an extremely hostile reception.

They reach the bottom – and walk on a little, where a big man is waiting for them. It is now that we first see that Whistler's Mother,

America's greatest painting, is at this moment balanced on a very thin ledge five floors up – where Mr BEAN has put it, outside the Men's Room window.

ELMER: Now, I'd like you to meet Buck, our new night security. He'll also be in charge of external security on the day.

BUCK salutes GRIERSON.

BUCK: Proud to serve, sir. Very proud.

ELMER: Nothing gets past Buck – not in one piece, anyway. This guy doesn't know the meaning of the word 'fear'.

BUCK: I'll look it up in a dictionary when I get home, sir.

Polite chuckles from all.

Mr BEAN's plan becomes clear, as he has emerged at a nearby window, also five floors up. He can't reach the painting at first. So he stretches further and further out of the window.

ELMER: We'll be getting substantial support from the LAPD. Ten-forty-five a.m. will be the big danger window. They've assigned us fifty extra officers for the day. This is such a valuable painting – the fear is that a major criminal could at this very moment be planning to take it from us.

GRIERSON: And we're talking weapons here, aren't we? Anyone tries anything, we pop the bastards.

ELMER: Absolutely, sir. This is a no-mercy situation.

It's no good. Finally Mr BEAN accepts he has to go out on the ledge. He bravely heads along towards the painting.

ELMER: Our benefactor, General Newton, will be coming in from the road in this direction. We'll have him covered from all angles, and he'll have an escort responsible for his personal safety. As you know, the General is a very wealthy man – and as such warrants very close surveillance. Once we've got the General safely inside, the key figure, security-wise, will be Dr Bean.

On the ledge, Mr BEAN finally gets a hand on the painting. As he edges back towards the window a gust of wind blows it shut. He tries to open it with his fingers without dropping the painting.

ELMER *(cont'd)*: During his speech, everyone will be gathered together in one room: that's gonna be a real challenge. We have to protect the painting without getting in the good Doctor's way. But just to clarify this exterior coverage – it will be comprehensive – there'll be plain-clothes officers scattered around – here, here and here – who will join us in the gallery once the unveiling ceremony begins. And I believe we have a SWAT team in reserve on our right flank a couple of clicks down the road. Anyone with bad intentions visits us tomorrow, they're gonna have a very disappointing morning. Compared to our set-up here, Fort Knox is a candy store.

Meanwhile Mr BEAN finally opens the window. As he tries to back in through it he falls back into the room as another gust of wind slams the window shut.

GRIERSON and everyone look to where the noise came from.

ELMER *(cont'd)*: Well, moving right along …

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. STOREROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN has the picture and is safe. He sets the picture in a vice bolted to a workbench and inspects it – it isn't any better. In fact, the birds have added to the mess. He looks around – fortunately, this actually might be quite a useful room.

Mr BEAN manically rummages through various dusty cans and bottles on a shelf. He chooses a can, too rusty to read its label, takes off the lid and sniffs. Eureka! He pours the liquid on to a rag and rubs it on the face of Mrs Whistler.

Mr BEAN is looking contented as the solvent effortlessly removes the ink stain. Whistler's Mother *looks as good as new. But then Mr BEAN notices something else happening. The liquid did not stop with removing the stain. It is now busy removing Whistler's mother's face entirely. He rubs at it again to get rid of the awful bubbling mess but only succeeds in rubbing right through to the bare canvas. Mr BEAN is losing his sanity.*

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

Mr BEAN hurries down the corridor with his pseudo-trolley again, and a vaguely mad look on his face.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN gets back to the right room and closes the door desperately behind him. He

stands frozen for a second – and at that moment, a hand tries the door. Mr BEAN leaps up and stops the handle turning.

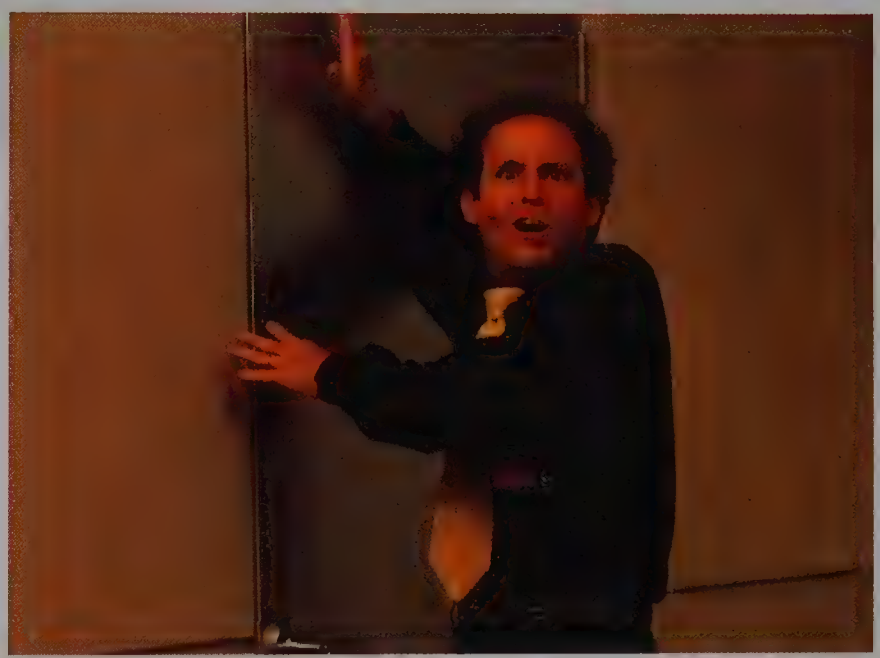
Mr BEAN moves a huge palm tree in front of the door. When he's sure he's safe, a door on the other side of the room calmly opens and … DAVID walks in.

DAVID: Seems to be a problem with the door. *(Pause)* Where's the picture gone?

MR BEAN: Ahm …

DAVID: What? What?

Pause. Pause. Mr BEAN finally shows it. Not a pretty sight. He has tried to draw in the face where the canvas was blank. Whistler's mother now looks like Pinocchio's father.



DAVID: Oh Jesus! Oh God! Oh Jesus God! Oh Mary Mother of Jesus! Oh Jesus of Nazareth!

Mr BEAN is terrified. DAVID rushes to the door he just came in – and locks it.

DAVID: Wait a minute – why am I worrying about this? You did it. I just go out and tell them what happened.

Mr BEAN nods, knowing he fully deserves his doom.

DAVID: Perfect – and then they say 'who left him alone with the picture?' And I say

'me.' And they say 'you're fired.' And I say 'fine.' And then they say 'firing you isn't enough – let's prosecute you for negligence.' And so I go to jail, and my wife leaves me and my daughter becomes a prostitute and I end up on Death Row sharing a cell with Butch McDick. No, no ... let's just be calm – let's think about this calmly. Give me another look at it.

Mr BEAN shows it to him.

DAVID: Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!!!

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – DAY

ELMER is just finishing his security tour of the building:

ELMER: ... which renders the underground ventilation ducts completely secure.

GRIERSON: Well, that's good to know.

ELMER: Thank you, sir.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – DAY

DAVID: No, the truth is I can only see one genuine option which is, obviously

... suicide. The only real question is when I do it – and how I kill you before I do it.

He activates the doors to close over the destroyed painting.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY AREA – DAY

ELMER sits down at the monitor and, sure enough, sees exactly what he should see: DAVID and Mr BEAN and a closed, secure casing round the picture.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

DAVID and Mr BEAN exit from the Whistler Room.

DAVID: Hey, do you drink, Bean?

MR BEAN: No.

DAVID: Good. Neither do I.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

It is very late and very gloomy. Just a couple of loners staring into their drinks. There is a TV on above the bar, showing baseball.

Mr BEAN and DAVID are sitting up at the bar. The latter has had far too much whisky and looks the worse for it. Mr BEAN has two little umbrellas up his nose. DAVID tries to talk to him.

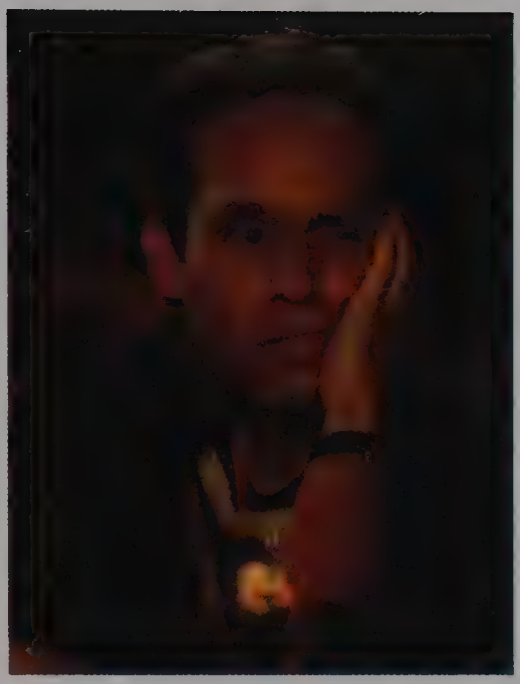
DAVID: Bean ...

The baseball on the TV is making it hard for Mr BEAN to concentrate. He raises a finger for DAVID to be quiet for a second. He blows a peanut from his nostril at the TV – it hits the button, and changes to a pleasant station showing sweet lambs in a field to quiet music. Mr BEAN looks back to DAVID to continue.

DAVID: Do you want to know what the reality of the situation is?

Mr BEAN nods his head, very curious, listening hard.

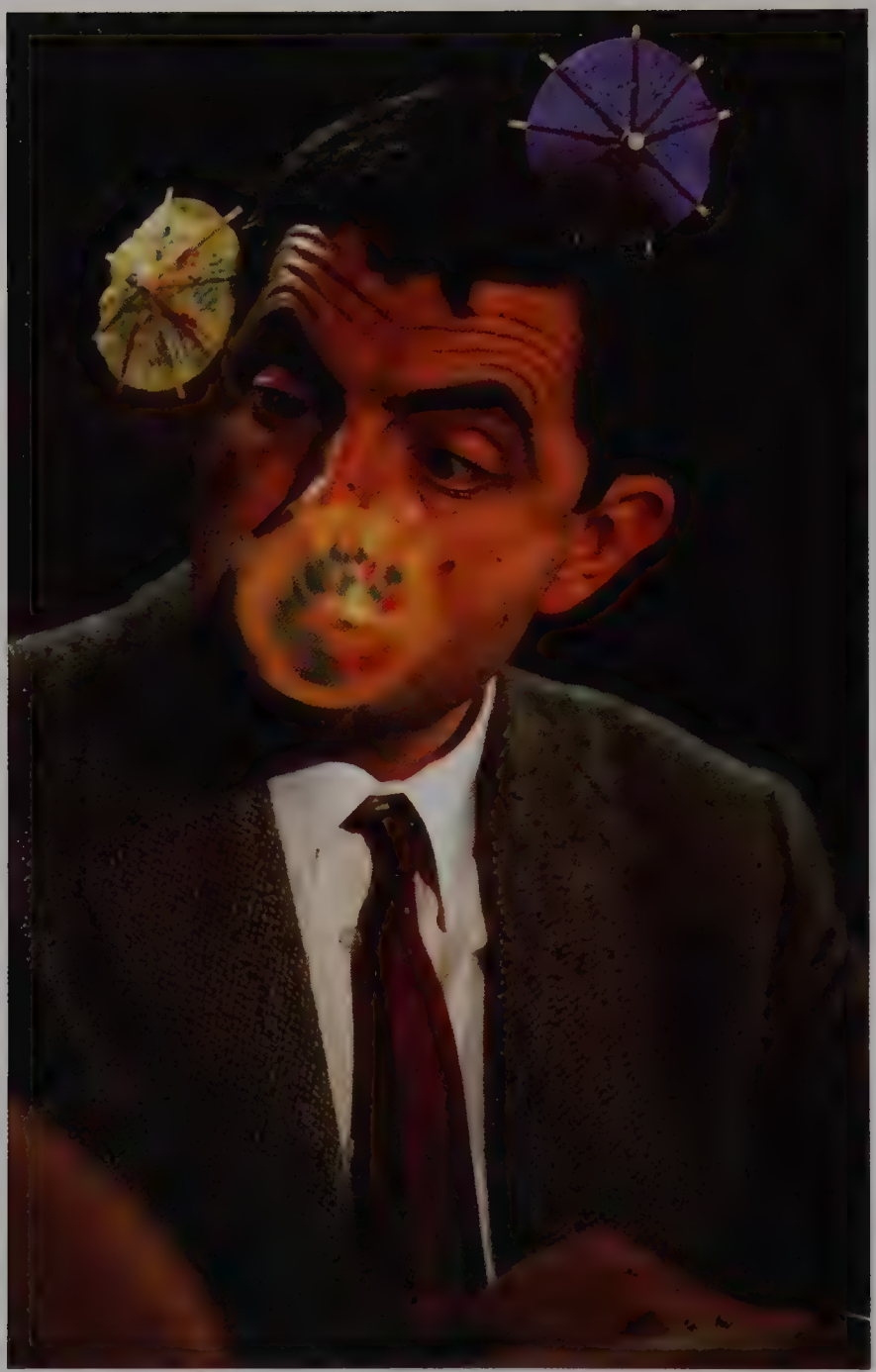
DAVID: You do? This is it. Because you moved into my house, my wife has



moved out. She might have moved out anyway – but ...

Mr BEAN stares at DAVID – something is getting in – he's actually registering this.

DAVID: ... that's point one. And point two is that I've given my life to art – and from here on in, the only art I'll get anywhere near are the pictures I draw on the sidewalk hoping passers-by will throw nickels in my hat.



Mr BEAN nods, seriously dispirited.

MR BEAN: It's not your fault.

DAVID: I know! It's your fault! Whatever …

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS – NIGHT.

DAVID and Mr BEAN are walking home unsteadily. They sing drunkenly.

DAVID/MR BEAN:
Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
If you see a crocodile,
Don't forget to scream …

MR BEAN: ARGH!!!

They approach DAVID's front door.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. FRONT DOOR – NIGHT

DAVID/MR BEAN:
Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
If you see a crocodile
Don't forget to scream …

He unlocks the door. There stands ALISON. This time, both DAVID and Mr BEAN scream the 'ARGH!!' She is not amused.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Scene continues.

DAVID: I can explain everything.

ALISON: OK.

Tiny pause.

DAVID: It's inexplicable.

ALISON: No, David, no – the reason that I came home was because I miss you. And this is my home, and *(refers to the kids)* they live here … but we've been waiting for five hours …

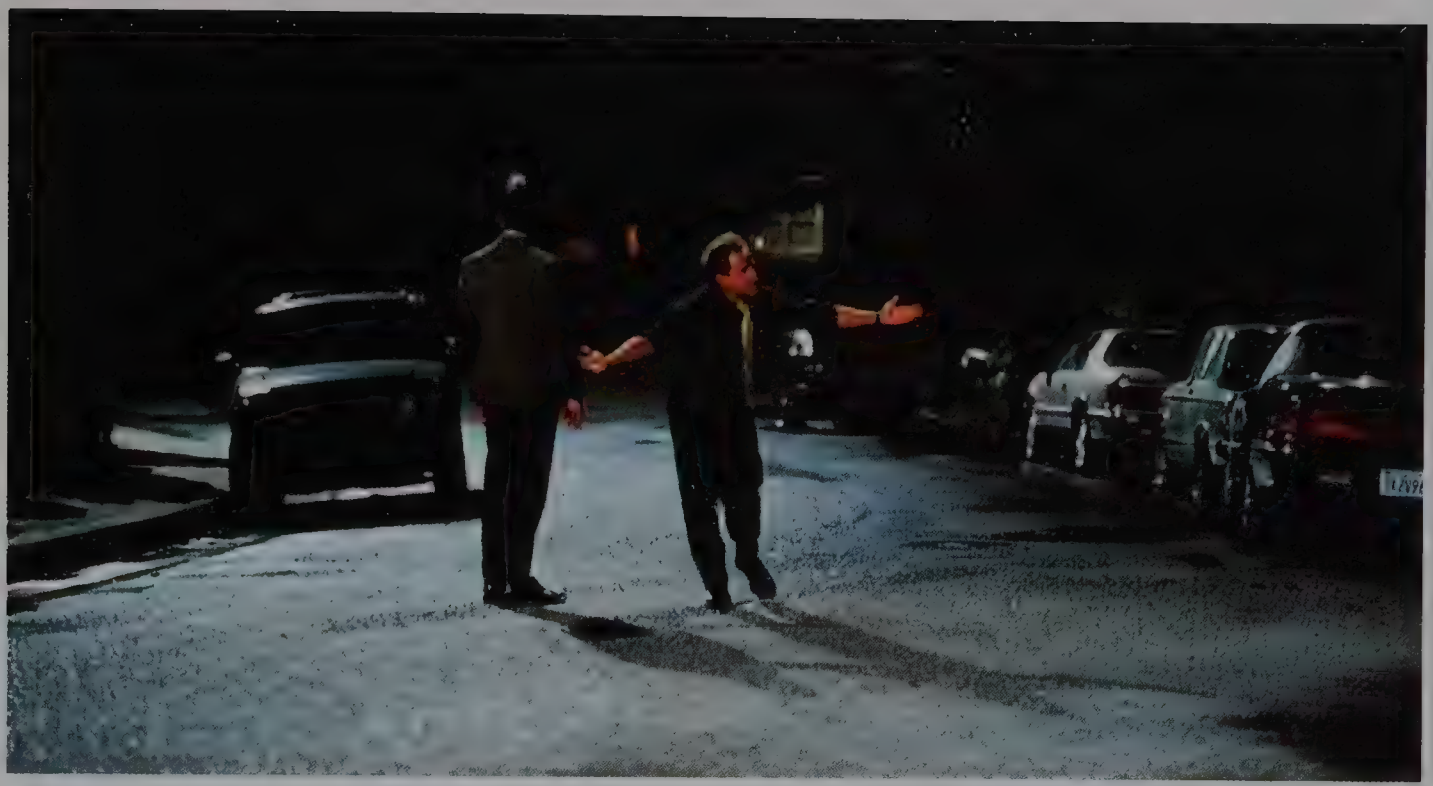
We become aware of the kids looking down from the floor above.

ALISON: … and look what we get. A drunk and his friend from the Planet Zog.

KEVIN waves at Mr BEAN, who grins and waves back.

DAVID: You're right. It seems a terrible situation – but if you could just hear the full, horrific tale …

ALISON: I think I'm going to have to leave you, David.



It's the bombshell. Pause.

DAVID: Are you?

ALISON nods.

DAVID: Then things really have gotten bad.

ALISON: Yeah.

Pause for thought.

INT. LANGLEY LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN – NIGHT

DAVID is asleep on the sofa under blankets. He's obviously been banished there for the night. In the kitchen area, Mr BEAN is sitting sadly at the table drinking milk through a straw. KEVIN enters, very sleepy in his pyjamas.

KEVIN: Hi Beanie.

Mr BEAN nods his greeting.

KEVIN: Can't sleep, huh?

MR BEAN: No.

Mr BEAN shakes his head. KEVIN is helping himself to drink from the fridge. And grabs a handful of M&Ms.

KEVIN: Me neither. Can't stop thinking about naked women. What about you?

MR BEAN: *Whistler's Mother.*

KEVIN: Well, whatever turns you on.

KEVIN picks up an M&M, throws it in the air and catches it perfectly in his mouth. He has learned from the master. Bean smiles.

KEVIN: Catch you around, Moon-man. *(Stops and turns back)* And if you still can't sleep come to my room – I've got some great posters of Cindy Crawford on my wall.

Mr BEAN hears this – and suddenly – wait a minute. He's thought a thought, based on something KEVIN just said. Yes, a plan has definitely developed. Close-up on his face.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. GARAGE – NIGHT

Close-up on Mr BEAN's hand opening a cupboard to reveal a paintbrush soaking in a jar. Close-up on brush being stuck down Mr BEAN's sock.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Mr BEAN picks up a hairdryer, gun-fashion, and tucks it into his waistband.

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN brings out a pair of underpants – tests the elastic before tying them to his belt.*

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. GARAGE – PITCH-BLACK

Mr BEAN is searching for something with the aid of his pocket torch and suddenly finds it.

A powerful bicycle lamp lights up close on Mr BEAN's face. Much more like it.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Close-up on Mr BEAN's reflection in the mirror-fronted medicine cabinet – which then slides to reveal medicine,s etc. therein.

Fast zoom in on box of laxative. Mr BEAN's hand grabs it and shakes it to his ear. Good. It's quite full.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. DAVID AND ALISON'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Mr BEAN's hand picks up two bottles of clear nail varnish among perfume bottles, Alison's hairbrush etc. on dressing table. Mr BEAN sniffs them. Good. The right stuff.

CUT TO – *DAVID's jacket is draped over a chair back. Mr BEAN's arm reaches over the top and into its top pocket. Close-up on the plastic key card as Mr BEAN extracts it.*

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mr BEAN snaps on some rubber gloves. Cut to – pitch-black. We find we are inside the refrigerator when Mr BEAN opens it and the light comes on.

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN's suitcase containing the items already collected, plus a mixing basin, slams down on to a work surface.*

Close-up on eggs being loaded into egg carton, in the case, like grenades.

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN's open case. Two 'animal' oven gloves land in it.*

Close-up on Mr BEAN's hand opening kitchen drawer. It finds a pizza cutter. Great!

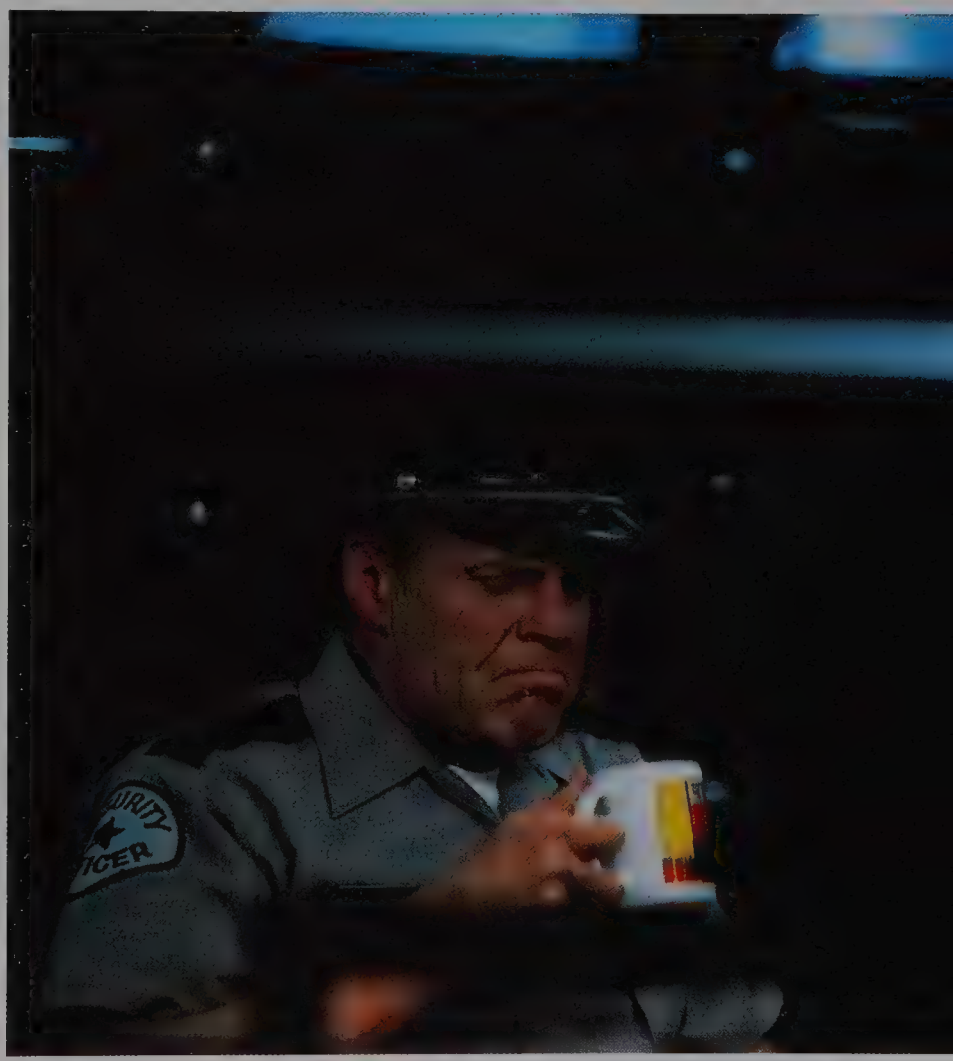
Also in the drawer he finds an egg whisk. He spins it like a gun barrel. Tosses it into the case.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LANDING – NIGHT

Close-up on the sign on KEVIN's door 'KEVIN'. The door opens and Mr BEAN sneaks out on to the landing. Close-up on Mr BEAN as he fans out a handful of chewing-gum sticks. He counts them to make sure he's got enough.

CUT TO – *airing cupboard where Mr BEAN reaches in for something.*

CUT TO – *He pulls on a black sweatshirt over his shirt and tie. Possibly it has a bright motif on the front: 'BORN TO BOOGIE'.*



Buck on duty

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. GARAGE – NIGHT

Suitcase is placed on the concrete floor. Mr BEAN's hands load into it a car jack. The lid closes.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – NIGHT

The garage doors slowly rise open to reveal Mr BEAN's silhouetted figure. He's wearing a black woollen commando hat that looks a bit pointy on him.

coffee, watching his twelve security monitors. Mr BEAN swallows at the sight of BUCK – he's a big guy.

But then Mr BEAN gets on with business. He approaches a huge sculpture near the front doors, car jack in hand …

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY BOOTH – NIGHT

Through the glass, BUCK is casually watching his screens, when suddenly, horror of horror, the huge sculpture outside topples over dramatically. Its shadow falls over the security section. BUCK leaps from his seat and rushes out.

Close-up on BUCK's feet as they clump by.

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN looks apprehensively down at the skateboard on the ground.*

He jumps on to it and out he rides. Feature his suitcase strapped to his back as he zooms off down the street.

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – NIGHT

The building is floodlit by ground spots. Mr BEAN shoots silently into shot, with suitcase and skateboard, passing a few big posters of Whistler's Mother, *with a strip over them saying 'Opening Tuesday.' Mr BEAN comes to a halt near the front entrance. He looks in the direction of the security booth. Mr BEAN's POV: BUCK, visible through the glass front of the security booth, finishing a large mug of*

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN's feet in 'animal' oven gloves silently approaching the security booth.*

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – NIGHT

BUCK is desperately trying to right the massive fallen structure while Mr BEAN slips inside, packing away the car jack into his suitcase.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION – NIGHT

Mr BEAN pops a spoonful of laxative into BUCK's mug of coffee. Will that do the trick? Pops in another … Empties entire box! He swaps two keys on the board of keys by the

desk. (We will later realize that one of these is the key to the Men's Room – a key BUCK will soon need desperately and will not be able to locate.)

BUCK returns. Mr BEAN hides. BUCK sits down and takes a long slug from his mug. Pause.

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN in his hiding place. Mr BEAN waits. BUCK drinks. Mr BEAN checks his watch. BUCK feels stirring within ... then pain ... he snatches a key from his rack of keys and sets off, rushing straight past Mr BEAN. On a monitor screen, Mr BEAN watches BUCK break into a canter. As he passes into vision on another monitor, BUCK is at full sprint. Mr BEAN giggles.*

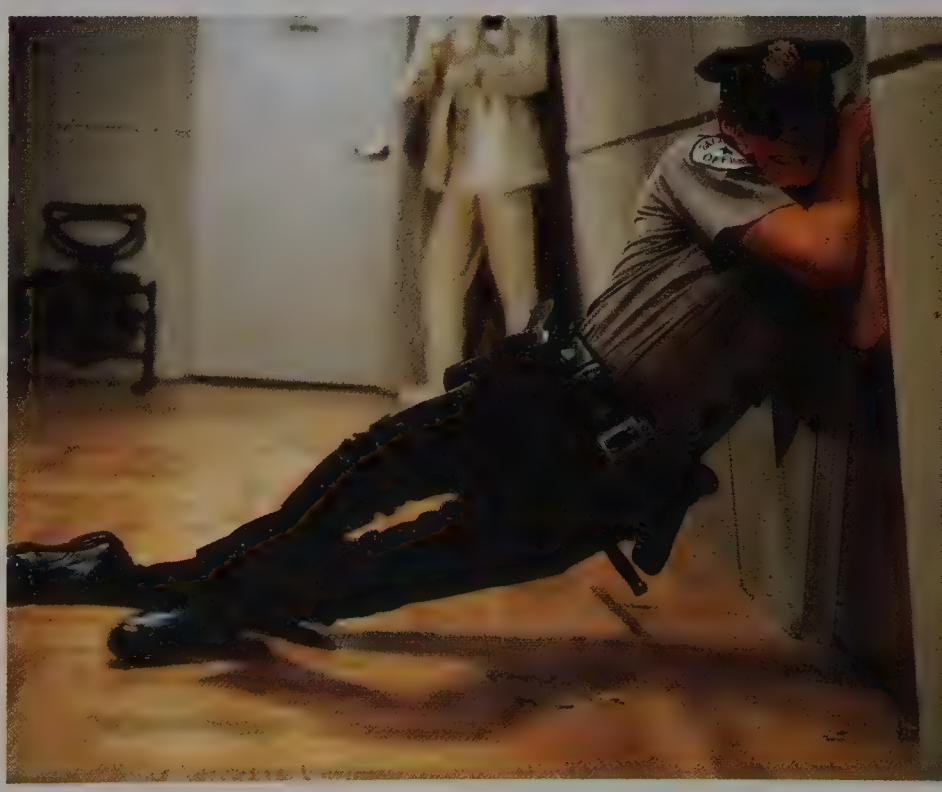
Mr BEAN goes to the key rack, borrows two keys.

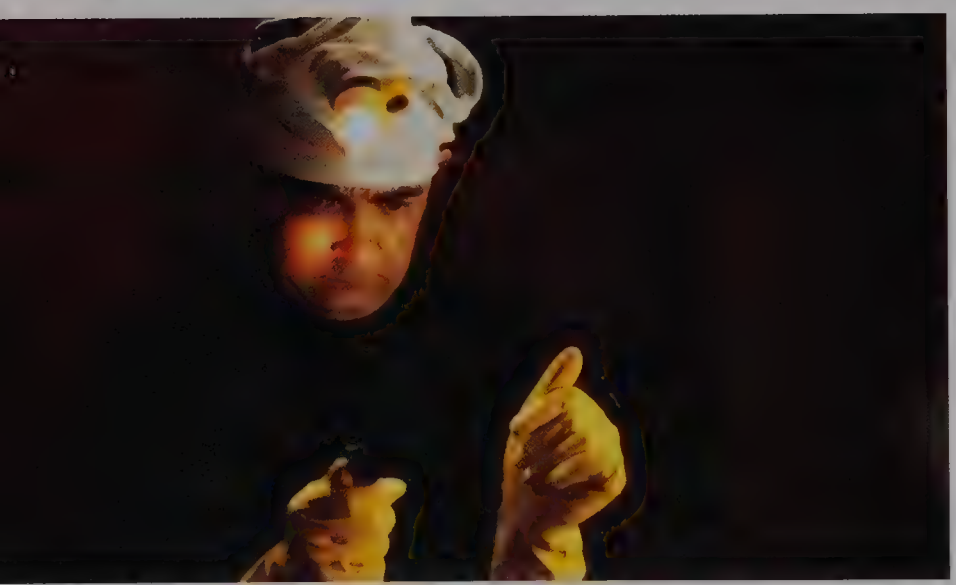
INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

BUCK dashes along towards the Men's Room.

CUT TO – *close-up of BUCK's key as he struggles to get it into the lock. The key won't fit. Close-up on BUCK's desperate face.*

CUT TO – *BUCK races back past camera.*





INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Close-up on Mr BEAN's gloved hand as his stolen key easily unlocks the door to the merchandise shop.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
MERCHANDISE SHOP – NIGHT

Mr BEAN removes a poster of Whistler's Mother *from a pile.*

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – NIGHT

In the lower glass corridor, BUCK runs along in great discomfort – from right to left. In the upper corridor Mr BEAN runs the opposite way with case and poster.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
SECURITY BOOTH – NIGHT

BUCK dashes in and grabs all the keys from the rack and dashes out again. On one of the monitors, Mr BEAN is hurrying along a corridor somewhere.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY
CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Mr BEAN runs silently (oven gloves still on feet) up to the Whistler Room door and unlocks it.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
WHISTLER ROOM – NIGHT

Mr BEAN enters and puts his case on the floor.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Whip pan as BUCK rushes along clutching his keys to his chest. He takes a corner too tightly, catches his shoulder on the corner and drops all the keys. He scrabbles on all fours to retrieve them.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
WHISTLER ROOM – NIGHT

So he can see properly and have his hands free, Mr BEAN puts the Y-fronts on his head and clips the bicycle lamp to the front of them, like a miner's lamp.

He unwraps a stick of chewing gum and hurriedly chews while he sets about unwrapping another of the same.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
CORRIDOR – NIGHT

BUCK is frantically trying all the keys in the Men's Room lock.

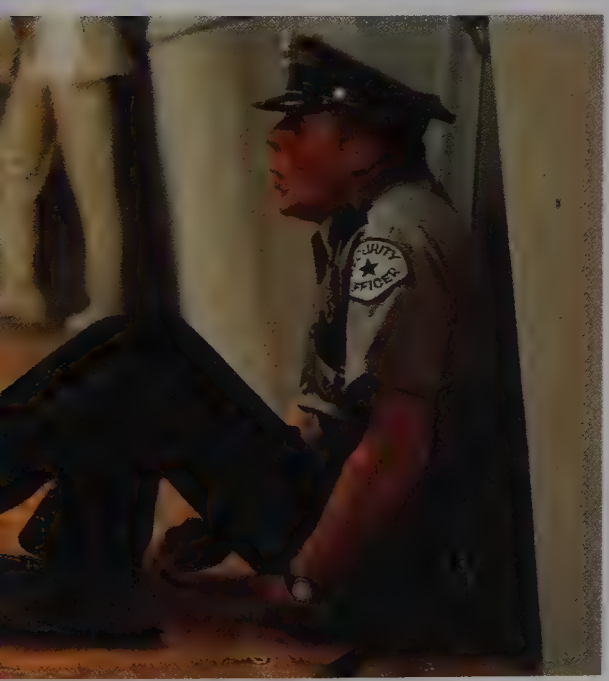
INT. GRIERSON GALLERY.
WHISTLER ROOM – NIGHT

Close-up on Mr BEAN's gloved hand as he swipes DAVID's key card through the

painting's security lock. Mr BEAN stands back as the sound of the door's machinery starts up.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY BOOTH – NIGHT

CUT TO – *On the monitor, BUCK is trying to shoulder down the Men's Room door. Pan to the next monitor which shows Mr BEAN*



by the security cabinet – which is doing its clever business …

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – NIGHT

Chewing still more gum, Mr BEAN takes the painting off the wall, removes its frame and lays it down on the floor.
CUT TO – *close-up on the pizza cutter as Mr BEAN quickly and artfully slices the canvas out of the stretcher.*
CUT TO – *Mr BEAN's huge cheeks chomping on KEVIN's gum.*

He pulls long strands of gum from his mouth and lines them along the sides of the stretcher.
CUT TO – *him unrolling the poster on to the stretcher.*

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

BUCK is now throwing himself at the door.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – NIGHT

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN's hand taking the last remaining egg from the carton.*

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN separating the white from the yolk and runs the former into the mixing basin.*

CUT TO – *close-up on nail varnish being poured into the basin.*

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN whisking the concoction.*

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY BOOTH – NIGHT

On one monitor, BUCK is spreadeagled against the Men's Room door, weeping.

On the other, Mr BEAN has started to apply the eggy mess to the poster with a paintbrush.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – NIGHT

Close-up on Mr BEAN concentrating on the job in hand with his tongue out.

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN painting the gloop on to the poster.*

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN drying poster with hairdryer.*

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY BOOTH – NIGHT

On monitors – BUCK is hammering the door with a fire extinguisher. Mr BEAN is closing the security cabinet.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – NIGHT

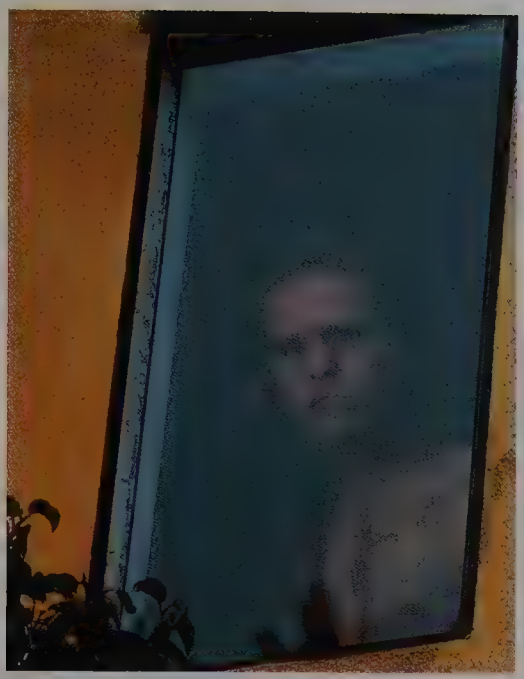
BUCK finally bursts through the door, splintering its frame.

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – NIGHT

Mr BEAN zipping along on the skateboard with his suitcase. He gives the fallen sculpture a biff in passing. BONG!

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. LIVING ROOM – DAY

DAVID emerges over the back of the sofa where he has been sleeping, and heads upstairs.



INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. DAVID AND ALISON'S BATHROOM – DAY

DAVID, very gloomy, enters and is about to step into the shower when he hears a noise and looks out the window. A powerful motorbike turns into the drive at speed and skids round to face the opposite direction. JENNIFER runs over to it. The bike's rider turns off his engine and removes his helmet. It is STINGO, a white Rasta with hair extensions and sixteen rings in his nose. JENNIFER KISSES him. DAVID shouts out the window.

DAVID: Jennifer!

DAVID grabs a towel and sprints outside on to the upper patio – overlooking the street. JENNY arrives back at the bike where STINGO hands her a helmet.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – DAY

DAVID: No, no, no! Don't think for one moment that you're getting on that bike, Jen …

At which moment, Mr BEAN appears on the street, very perky, fully dressed …

MR BEAN: Morning everyone.

Mr BEAN heads past DAVID whistling, to go and get the post. JENNIFER is climbing on to the back of the bike.

DAVID: This is a total family rule, Jen. No one is ever allowed on one of those death

Above: Stingo

traps. You promised me, Jen.

DAVID is so worried about JENNIFER, he doesn't even notice Mr BEAN collecting the mail from the box. JENNIFER puts on the helmet.

JENNIFER: And you promised Mom you'd get rid of Dr Freako! *(Points at Mr BEAN)* And as for 'family rules': we don't have a family till you get Mom back.

She slaps STINGO on the shoulder. STINGO kicks the starter lever. They shoot away. Mr BEAN waves a friendly farewell – what a happy day. He moves back to the house.

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – DAY

ELMER proudly raises the special flag for today up the high white flagpole. It's a perfect Whistler's Mother *in cloth.*

EXT./INT. DAVID'S CAR – DAY

Now it's just Mr BEAN and DAVID. DAVID is looking very tense. Mr BEAN is looking forward to breaking the news about what he's done with the picture.

MR BEAN: Ahm … David.

DAVID: Don't talk to me – I'm trying to think what I'm going to do.

MR BEAN: Well …

DAVID: Quiet!

Fair enough, thinks Mr BEAN – and his mind wanders a little …

DAVID: If you touch that lighter, I'll kill you with my bare hands.

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – DAY

Hundreds of cars and press and people. BERNICE has certainly succeeded. And a huge Rolls-Royce is pulling in.

The car door opens and reveals NEWTON, the benefactor. He is dressed in his veteran's uniform – chest of medals and peaked cap. He is a grand, confident, forceful figure of a man.

GRIERSON: What a pleasure, sir. Welcome to our humble abode.

NEWTON: Thank you. Not too humble, I hope. I'm expecting lunch.

He's not one to mince his words. He heads for the main entrance. The reception party follows.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

NEWTON, GRIERSON and others are outside the main gallery entrance. BERNICE looks slightly miffed. Then she spots DAVID and Mr BEAN rushing up. She hands them ID badges which they hurriedly put on.

BERNICE *(to David)*: Glad you could make it.

She squeezes through into the main gallery. GRIERSON spots DAVID just as the party is about to enter.

GRIERSON: Where the hell have you been?

Below left: General Newton

DAVID: Sorry. Trouble at home. Look, there's something we've got to talk about, George.

GRIERSON: Not now. *(To NEWTON)* If I may present David Langley, our curator.

DAVID: Delighted to meet you, sir.

NEWTON: Of course you are.

He moves into the gallery. Everyone follows.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. MAIN GALLERY – DAY

GRIERSON and NEWTON enter with the others tailing. The enormous crowd bursts into applause, which NEWTON acknowledges.

GRIERSON: They love you, sir.

NEWTON: So they should – if fifty mill doesn't buy a little brown-nosing, I'd like to know what does, eh, Grierson?

DAVID and Mr BEAN get to the end of the waiting line-up.

GRIERSON *(polite laugh)*: This is Bernice Schimmel, in charge of PR – and Walter, our merchandise guru.

WALTER is wearing a jacket that is printed entirely with one picture of ... Whistler's Mother.

NEWTON: That jacket's a disaster.

WALTER: Ah ... well actually, sir, it's made from the finest yarns and ...

GRIERSON *(cutting in)*: Thank you Walter. *(Moving on)* David you've met ... And this is Dr Bean, our honoured guest from England ...

Mr BEAN gives NEWTON a ridiculously overenthusiastic handshake. And points rather proudly to his new 'Dr Bean' badge.

NEWTON: How do you do, Doctor?

MR BEAN: I do very well, thank you.

NEWTON weighs up Mr BEAN with a look. Then, to GRIERSON ...

NEWTON: He's a genius, right?

GRIERSON: Oh, very much so, yes, sir.

DAVID tries to grab another moment with GRIERSON.

DAVID: Sir, we really must talk.

GRIERSON: Want to give me some hints on catering for dinner parties?

MR BEAN: Um ... David ...

DAVID: Bean. Will you just leave me alone!

NEWTON has moved on to ELMER, who salutes crisply.

GRIERSON: This is Elmer, who is in charge of our security arrangements.

NEWTON returns the salute with pride.

NEWTON: Nice set of medals there, Elmer. Where did you serve – Vietnam? Korea?

ELMER: Couldn't tell you, sir. I was so drugged up with the killing I didn't know where I was ...

NEWTON: That's the spirit, soldier.

Slightly to the side, DAVID has a last bash – at exactly the moment Mr BEAN is trying to alert him to his view of the situation.

DAVID: Please, sir ... it's about the painting.

GRIERSON: David. Enough, please! *(To NEWTON)* Would you step this way, General.

And they must all move on. As they do, they pass a wonderful twelfth-century painting of Jesus on the cross. NEWTON stops and has a close look at it.

GRIERSON: Ah, yes, one of my personal favourites.

NEWTON: You're kidding ... no one has feet like that. Do you have feet like that? Damned if I have feet like that. Does anyone here have feet like that?

No one will admit to it. NEWTON is disgruntled.

GRIERSON *(rescuing the situation)*: Er ... this way, sir ...

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – DAY

A crowd of a hundred are gathered in the room – all the wealthiest benefactors, with DAVID, BERNICE, WALTER and Mr BEAN in the front row and a lot of news cameras and photojournalists. NEWTON and GRIERSON face them, in front of the steel case.

GRIERSON: Ladies and gentlemen. This is a great moment for America – and for one very special lady – *Whistler's Mother.*

Applause.

GRIERSON *(continues)*: And she's here today thanks to our good and great benefactor. Ladies and gentlemen, if you'd like to join me in saluting a soldier, philanthropist, loving father and extremely generous patron of the arts – General Newton.

Applause. Camera flashes.

NEWTON: Thank you. Ladies and gentlemen – I'm not your traditional art lover – I couldn't tell you the difference between a painting by Picasso and a good car crash. But I love my country – and I don't like the idea of a bunch of Frenchies owning America's greatest painting. Right. Let's get on with it.

General NEWTON puts out his hand to receive the card key from ELMER. Puts it in the slot.

NEWTON: Welcome home, Ma.

Applause. He slots in the key – cameras flash – the big steel case doors open. Out of nowhere a choir of fifty Boy Scouts starts to whistle 'Mammy', much to everyone's delight. High excitement as the doors slowly part, lots of strange moving parts, dry ice, high tension.

CUT TO – various faces, including DAVID's face of controlled terror.

And then suddenly – there is Whistler's Mother, *absolutely and totally as realistic and perfect as can be.*

Mr BEAN has completely succeeded.

DAVID looks shocked – open-mouthed – and Mr BEAN looks smug and very happy. Everyone applauds. DAVID looks at Mr BEAN. Mr BEAN does a thumbs-up.

As the crowd surges through them to get a closer look …

DAVID: Whatever you did – you're a genius and I love you.

MR BEAN: It's a poster.

DAVID: It's a what!!!? But … but … but … but …

And … a strange hand taps DAVID's shoulder – he jumps in fear.

BERNICE: David, it's time.

DAVID and Mr BEAN don't understand. BERNICE stands at Grierson's shoulder.

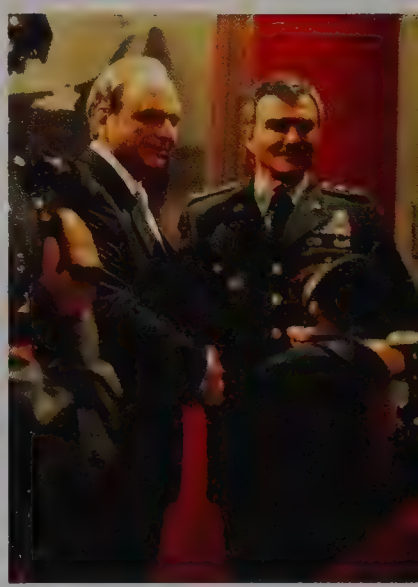
DAVID: Time for what?

BERNICE: The speech.

DAVID: What speech?

WALTER passes by, shaking DAVID's hand.

WALTER: Congratulations, David.



BERNICE: Dr Bean's speech about the painting.

DAVID: Ah. Yes, of course. The speech.

As she goes GRIERSON walks up.

GRIERSON: Try to keep it below an hour, Doctor – and if there could be one joke in it, that would be nice. 'Good Morning America' doesn't give a flying monkey's about -isms and ... you know what I mean.

Mr BEAN nods inanely, as GRIERSON moves away to sit with NEWTON. A lectern is put in place. Mr BEAN's face transforms into total panic – what the hell is he going to say.

DAVID: Stay calm.

MR BEAN: Right.

Does calm down for five seconds – then goes into a total panic again.

DAVID: Look, it doesn't have to be twenty minutes. Just, just, just, just, just, just ...

BERNICE is back ... She pulls Mr BEAN towards the lectern.

BERNICE: We're ready for you.

They move, like two men at a funeral, up to the front of the room to face the seated and expectant crowd and media.

GRIERSON: And now the second highlight of our day. Dr Bean, the great English art scholar, is here to speak for a few minutes – not too long Doctor! – on the subject of our new purchase. Ladies and gentlemen – Dr Bean of the Royal National Gallery of England.

A huge round of applause. Mr BEAN stands in front of them, on a podium. He fiffs and faffs for a while, coughing unrealistically. Then finally starts.

MR BEAN: Ahm ... um ... um. It's very nice to be here today. *(Looks up at painting)* Good lord – what's that?

The crowd enjoy this modest little joke. This Professor may not be as dry and boring as they had feared. Mr BEAN starts to sense he's popular, and relaxes.

MR BEAN: So ... Ahm. Hello. I'm 'Dr' Bean ... apparently ... and my job is to sit and look at paintings.

The audience applaud his scholastic dedication.

MR BEAN: And what have I learned that I can say about this painting? Well, ahm ... *(David is willing him on)* first ... it's quite big, which is excellent. Because if it was really small, ahm, you know ... microscopic, then hardly anyone would be able to see it, which would be a tremendous shame.

Lighter applause. But they stick with him. NEWTON finds this an impressive point.

MR BEAN: Next ... and I'm getting quite near the end now – of this analysis of the painting – ahm ... next is the big question. Why was it worth this man here spending fifty million of your American dollars on

this portrait? And the answer is ... well ... ahm ... what is the answer..?. Well ... This picture is worth such a lot because ...

He looks to DAVID who is willing him on.

MR BEAN: ... it's a picture of ... Whistler's mother – and, as I've learned by staying with my best friend David Langley and his family, families are very important – and even though Whistler was perfectly aware that his mother was a hideous old crone who looks like she's got a cactus lodged up her backside – he stuck with her, and even took the time to paint this amazing picture of her. It's not just a painting – it's a picture of a mad old cow ... who meant the world to him – and that's marvellous.

That's what I think anyway.

Loud applause. All are deeply moved and very impressed. A photographer stands and wants to snap them. Both of them instinctively put their arms around his shoulder.

NEWTON: Just one of me and the Doctor, please.

As NEWTON poses with his best friend Mr BEAN, Grierson gestures to the photographer, mouthing ...

GRIERSON: Then me! Just him and me.

They are like flies around a honeypot.

CUT TO – *ELMER is getting people to stand yards back from the picture.*

ELMER: Thank you very much … Thank you very much …OK, let's seal it up.

A major cranking sound. The huge glass wall begins to descend. Mr BEAN and DAVID watch – they exchange an excited look. They've pulled it off.

MR BEAN: Home and dry.

DAVID *(sudden fear)*: Where did you put the original?

MR BEAN: Um …

When a hand lands on DAVID's shoulder and a voice from behind speaks …

BRUTUS: Mr Langley.

DAVID turns. It's BRUTUS, the policeman.

BRUTUS: Can I have a word with you, sir?

DAVID looks at Mr BEAN and his face is full of fear.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR – DAY

BRUTUS and DAVID round a corner and come to a halt. BUTLER and Mr BEAN stand nearby.

BRUTUS: Now, Mr Langley …

DAVID: OK, I'm sure I can explain everything …

BRUTUS: What can you explain?

DAVID: About the painting.

BRUTUS: Which painting?

DAVID: *Whistler's Mother.*

BRUTUS: I'm afraid, Mr Langley, I'm here in my capacity as a police officer – not an art lover. It's about your daughter. She's been in a motorcycle accident.

EXT. LA STREET – DAY

DAVID's car follows BRUTUS's at ninety mph through the streets.

INT. BRUTUS'S CAR – DAY

BRUTUS's car sits at the red light at a major intersection. As they wait, suddenly there comes the sounds of breaking glass.

BRUTUS: Damn!

BRUTUS's POV: across the intersection a car is being robbed. The thief has smashed the passenger window and is grappling with the woman driver for her purse. She screams. The thief clearly has a gun. The woman screams as he runs off with his booty.

BUTLER shouts into the car radio for back-up (voice-over the following action).

BUTLER: Request emergency clearance for 8-0-9 Adam!

DESPATCHER *(v/o)*: Go ahead, 8-0-9 Adam.

BRUTUS jumps out of the car.

BUTLER: Got a two-eleven in progress – suspect male – possibly armed – request immediate back-up. Copy.

CUT TO – *The lights are on the change. BRUTUS shouts over to DAVID.*

BRUTUS: Keep speeding. If you get a ticket, I'll tear it up.

DAVID: Thanks.

DAVID shoots off. BRUTUS and BUTLER draw their guns and give chase.

INT. HOSPITAL. RECEPTION – DAY

It's a busy day in the ER. DAVID is at the reception desk.

DAVID: Can you give me Jennifer Langley's room? She came in around one o'clock. Motorcycle accident.

A NURSE checks a list. Cut to Mr BEAN, sat in a chair by a Men's Room. BUCK comes out of it and sits right next to Mr BEAN. Mr BEAN, on recognising him, jumps to his feet. BUCK only has a split second to be puzzled by this behaviour because his stomach attacks him again – and he shoots straight back into the Men's Room.

NURSE: She's on the fifth floor, east wing. Just take the elevator up.

Mr BEAN joins DAVID as he hurries down the corridor. They squeeze awkwardly past a trolley together. Mr BEAN knocks into him and knocks him over it. DAVID gets caught up in the poor patient's IV lines. He disentangles himself and grabs Mr BEAN by the shoulders.

DAVID: Stay here and do nothing. If you do nothing, nothing can go wrong. For my sake. I've gotta take care of my family now.

Mr BEAN nods – he understands and watches DAVID leave. He is worried not for him – but himself, he is alone again. Sad. Not a family member. Feeling more and more lonely every minute.

INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM – DAY

DAVID turns into the room – and stops, frozen. ALISON by her bedside. (No KEVIN.) JENNIFER is on a bed, unconscious, and attached to a monitor. She has her arm in

a cast, oxygen tubes in her nose and a bandaged head. Pause.

ALISON is upset, and drawn.

ALISON: The nurse says it's not a coma. She's just sort of taking time out. But we haven't seen a doctor yet so I don't know.

DAVID takes this in while trying to give her a reassuring look.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR – DAY

Mr BEAN sitting obediently. At which moment, a doctor sweeps by Mr BEAN. A NURSE behind.

NURSE: Dr Jacobson?

DR. JACOBSON: Yes?

NURSE: We need you urgently in OR 3.

DR. JACOBSON: No can do. I'm due in Number Four at one …

NURSE: It's urgent, sir. We've got a ruptured kidney – there's massive bleeding.

Pause.

DR. JACOBSON: OK …

He rushes away with the nurse – and drops his stethoscope as he goes. Mr BEAN sees it, picks it up and follows him – he's trying to be useful.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR – DAY.

Mr BEAN still following Dr. JACOBSON, who goes through more swing doors and then suddenly disappears. Mr BEAN sees a big '4' above a door and goes in, holding the stethoscope.

INT. HOSPITAL. PREP ROOM – DAY

A NURSE accosts him instantly.

NURSE 2: At last. *(She reads his badge)* Dr Bean?

MR BEAN: Ahm ... yes ... um ...

NURSE 2: Just in time. Allow me.

She immediately slips the green coat on to Mr BEAN, and the gloves and the mask.

MR BEAN: Ahm ... um ... steth ... um ... o ... scope ... um ...

The NURSES whisk him away.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE – DAY

Inside the operating theatre a body is waiting in position. There are three attending NURSES, ASSISTANT DOCTOR and ASSISTANT 2. They all look up to Mr BEAN as he enters, fully kitted up.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: Good morning, Doctor. Looks like a bullet in the lower thorax – it seems to have ruptured the lung, and there's severe inner bleeding along the abdomen.

They keep referring to 'Dr' BEAN who tries to make the right sounds of agreement.

NURSE 2: Doctor, he's coming to.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: OK. Give him a T-seventy.

The victim starts to move – he looks up – we see his face for the first time. It is police officer

BRUTUS. He is in great pain. As the sedative shot goes in, Mr BEAN lifts his mask for a second, and smiles, with a little wave. A look of total panic goes over BRUTUS's eyes, as he loses consciousness. NURSE 2 places a mask over his mouth.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: Shall I make the incision, sir?

Mr BEAN nods – he's not going to argue with anyone. The assistant cuts BRUTUS's chest. Mr BEAN is horrified, almost faints, then snatches the knife. He can't believe this maniac has just cut through another person's flesh.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: I'm sorry, it's only my first week.

Mr BEAN hands the knife to the NURSE testily.

NURSE 3: You're right, Doctor – we should wait for the X-rays.

There's no time for a decision to be made – because at exactly that moment, in the next-door trauma unit, a horrifically serious case enters on a stretcher – blood everywhere. And there's no one there to deal with it.

STRETCHER NURSE: We need help here. We're losing him. For Jesus' sake, we need help!

Mr BEAN's troops desert him. He tries to follow – but a nurse holds him back.

NURSE 3: You stay here Doctor – this is your patient – you should be with him.

She joins the others next door leaving Mr BEAN alone with BRUTUS. There is a large window on to the trauma room through which Mr BEAN is able to witness the following:

ASSISTANT 2 *(o/o/v)*: He's fibrillating!

ASSISTANT DOCTOR *(o/o/v)*: Charge the paddles at two hundred watts!

He holds the electropads over the patient's chest.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: Clear!

He brings down the paddles making the patient jerk with the electrical current.

Mr BEAN isn't really interested in next door – indeed, he's a little bored. He takes a sweet packet out of his pocket. Only one sweet

left. He takes it out as he wanders back to BRUTUS …

… Mr BEAN does what he always does – throws the sweet up into the air to catch it in his mouth. Unfortunately, he forgets that he is wearing a mask. The flying sweet hits the middle of the mask and bounces into the cut in BRUTUS's body.

Mr BEAN looks down, annoyed. Checks round him – everyone's still busy next door. So he puts his hand in the body, really rummages around, finds the sweet, takes it out, and then realizes he's in fact got the bullet between his fingers. Guiltily, he slips it back into the body, rummages a bit more … He's found the sweet. He rinses it in a jar of liquid with a surgical clamp (tongs), and pops it into his mouth. At which moment, a relief team arrives next door – and Mr BEAN's team re-enters …

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: Good work, people. Back to the bleeding.

X-RAY ASSISTANT pushes in and hands X-ray to ASSISTANT 2.

ASSISTANT 2: Here we go.

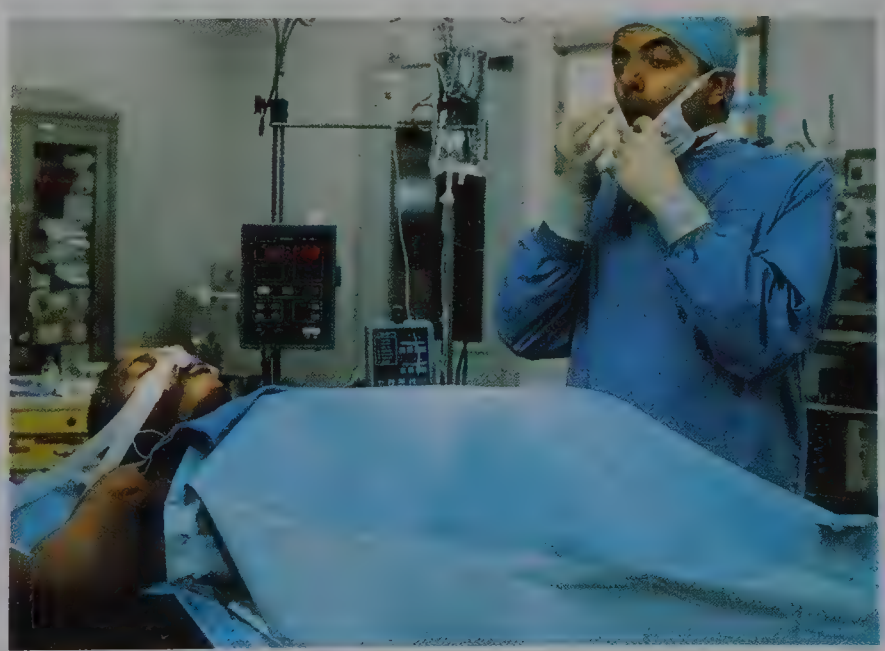
He makes Mr BEAN study the X-ray.

ASSISTANT 2: The entry wound is clearly here – it seems to come through here – but then we seem to lose it.

NURSE 2: Damn!

Hands it to Mr BEAN.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: This is not going to be easy, we're going to need a



J-seventeen. And we're going to have to extend the incision.

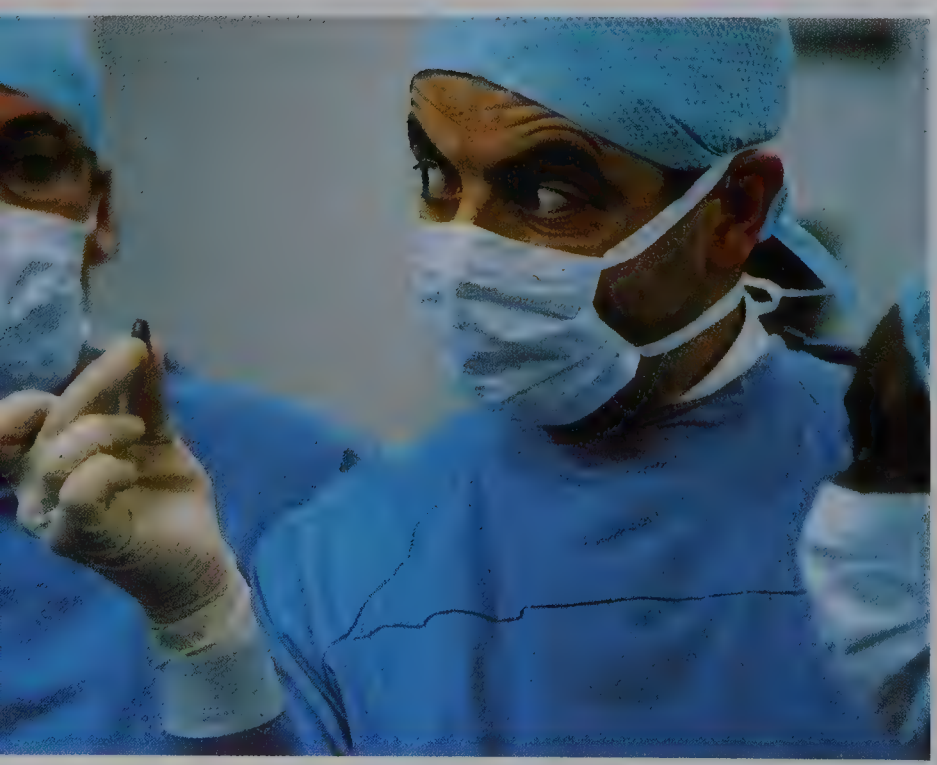
NURSE 2 shouts into a wall intercom:

NURSE 2: We need a J-seventeen in OR Four now!

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: What kinda blood we looking at?

NURSE 3: B-negative.

Mr BEAN meanwhile has a look at the X-ray – and casually throws it aside. Means nothing to him.



ASSISTANT DOCTOR: Run down and get a couple of quarts. We could be here all day.

NURSE 2: His heart rate's dropping! We're gonna lose him!

ASSISTANT DOCTOR *(to NURSE 3)*: Forget about it! Set up a chest tube now!

High drama – time is absolutely crucial.

CUT TO – *the heart monitor.*

ASSISTANT 2: Blood pressure's bottoming out!

NURSE 2 hits the button on wall intercom and shouts into it.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: There's too much blood! I can't see a thing! More suction!

NURSE 3: Pack the bleeding!

ASSISTANT DOCTOR *(panicking)*: Damn! Where is this bullet? We've got to find it now or he's a dead man!

He's about to get to action – there's a massive flurry. Talk everywhere as people shout out the disastrous signs that this man is on the point of death.

MR BEAN: Tcha, tcha, tcha ...

Mr BEAN moves in and stops all the flap, pushing their hands away. They look up – what the hell is this guy doing? Mr BEAN concentrates – it is an almost mystical moment. He reaches carefully into the body ...

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: But Doctor, you can't just ... It's too dangerous ...!

Mr BEAN feels around for a second, and triumphantly produces the bullet between his fingers. He drops it into a kidney dish – TINK! Silence.

ASSISTANT DOCTOR: My God.

Pause. Then …

ASSISTANT 2 *(very quietly in awe)*: Heart rate's stable … blood pressure's climbing back.

Applause. There might be a tear in one of the nurse's eyes. Stirring music begins to play. It's a medical miracle.

EXT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR – DAY

Mr BEAN turns a corner – taking off his mask in relief. Unfortunately it is the corner that DAVID has just turned in his search for a doctor. Mr BEAN whips his mask back up again, just before DAVID accosts him.

DAVID: Doctor. Thank God. My daughter was in an accident – no one's taken a look at her yet. We're desperate for some medical attention in here … Would you mind?

There is nowhere for Mr BEAN to go. He has to go and see JENNIFER.

INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM – DAY

DAVID: Here we go, honey. The doctor will check her out.

A NURSE is checking on JENNIFER. She immediately takes the situation in hand, noting the doctor (Mr BEAN) is rather tense.

NURSE *(sweetly to David and Alison)*: Mr and Mrs Langley. Any kind of damage to the brain is a very sensitive thing to observe. So maybe we should just step outside, give the Doctor a little room to work.

She is ushering them out.

ALISON: The first nurse said we should think of it not so much as a coma – more just a deep sleep …

Mr BEAN takes this in with interest.

NURSE: Yes, that's sort of true …

She ushers them out of the door. Mr BEAN is left alone. An atmosphere of tremendous silence. He goes up to JENNIFER very, very quietly.

MR BEAN *(whispers)*: Jennifer … Wake up … wake up … wake up …

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR – DAY

DAVID and ALISON share a hug.

DAVID: I'm sorry, Ali …

ALISON whispers in his ear – near to tears.

ALISON: What's the time?

DAVID checks his watch over her shoulder.

DAVID: Nearly two.

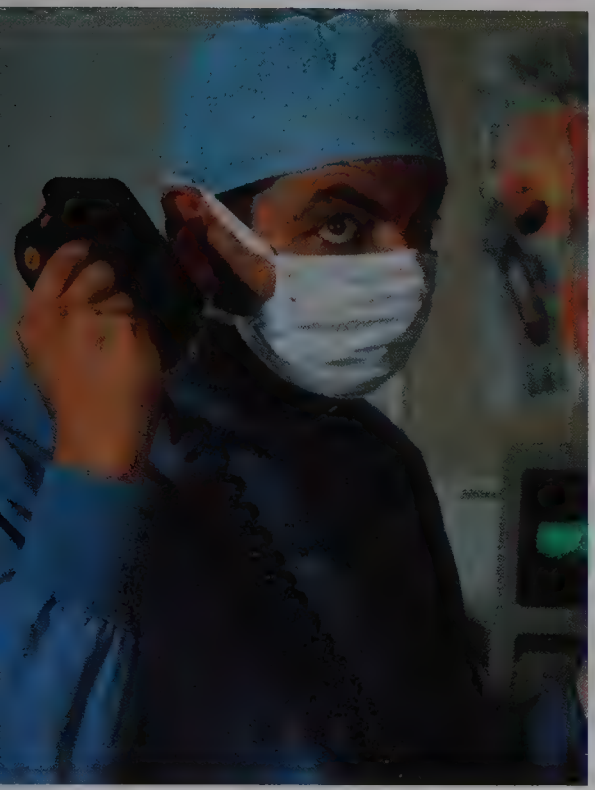
Pause. A new thought:

ALISON: Could you turn it back eight hours for me …?

DAVID holds her tighter and holds back tears. Camera adjusts to take in the scene through the door's window to reveal Mr BEAN on top of JENNIFER, shaking her exaggeratedly.

INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM – DAY

Mr BEAN suddenly appears up over the bed, pulling faces and shouting 'BAH' to make



JENNIFER jump. No luck. He tries shaking her – gently but then harder. He climbs on to the bed.

INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR – DAY

Through the window Mr BEAN is on the bed shaking JENNIFER. DAVID and ALISON are in foreground. We still see Mr BEAN throughout the following speech:

DAVID: I don't know what to say about Bean. He's clearly a total force ten disaster area – but, God help me, I like him.

In background Mr BEAN has left the shot only to return with a pair of electrical, heart-starting paddles like the ones he saw in use earlier.

DAVID: Having said that, there is no reason in the world why any of you should ever have anything to do with him again.

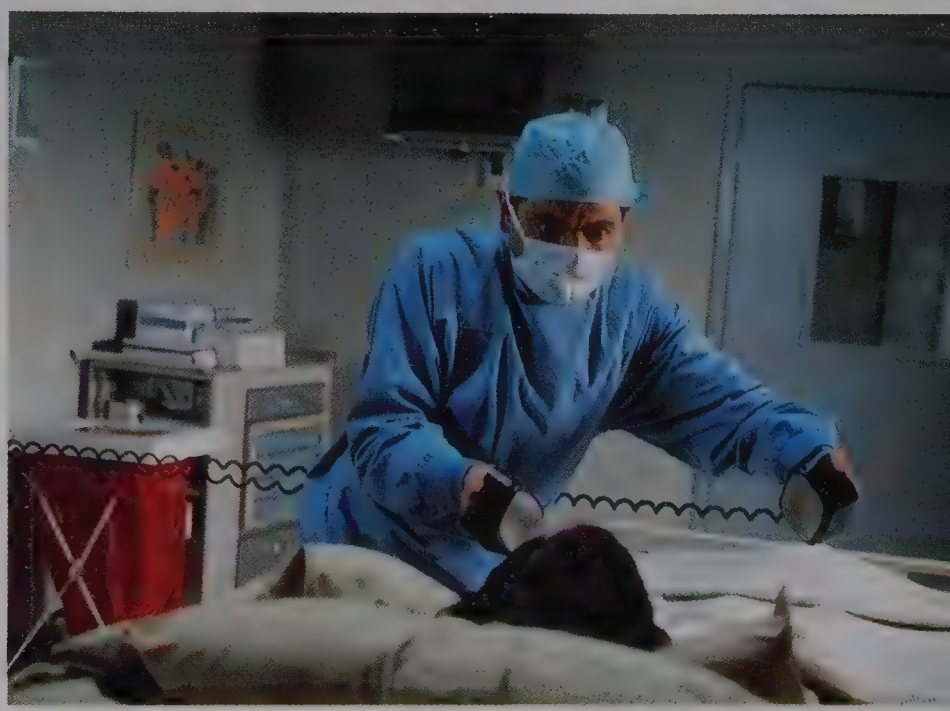
INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM – DAY

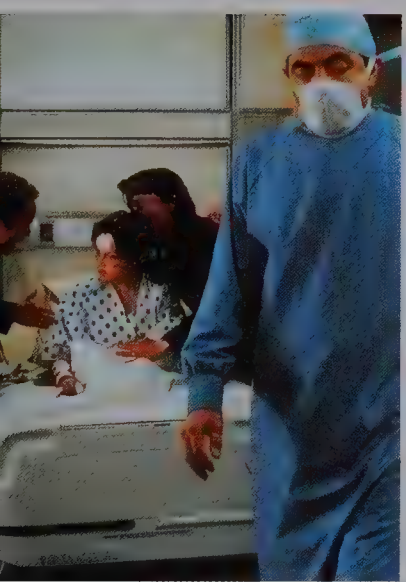
Mr BEAN brings the paddles down on JENNIFER's chest. Nothing happens.

He looks around – and then sees, of course, that they're not plugged in. He plugs them in. There's a buzzing sound. They're definitely on. He's delighted. He decides to give them a little test run. He holds them to his own chest.

Not a good move. They release a huge electrical shock – Mr BEAN's arms are thrown wide and he is thrown backwards. In slow motion, he flies through the air and lands – SLAM! – heavily on top of JENNIFER. The jolt wakes her up.

JENNIFER: Dad. Mum. Someone!!!





Outside they hear it – they rush in – just in time for Mr BEAN to have got up off the bed. He does a proud magician's 'ta-daaa' in the direction of JENNIFER. He's done what he was asked to do.

ALISON: Oh my God. Jennifer ... oh sweetie!

JENNIFER: What happened?

ALISON: You had an accident, honey – but everything is going to be OK.

JENNIFER: What happened to Stingo?

DAVID: Just bruises – collarbone. He'll be fine – till I get my hands on him.

DAVID hugs her too. ALISON looks up to see Mr BEAN leaving the door.

ALISON: Doctor ...

DAVID: Doctor, where do you think you're going?

Mr BEAN stops and turns.

ALISON: How can we ever say thank you? We'll do anything, anything ...

Pause. Mr BEAN takes off his mask.

MR BEAN: Well, I suppose you could let me stay for another week.

Get their reactions. Resignation and ... well, it's friendship now.

We kick into a great, energetic song – like Bette Midler's version of 'You Gotta Have Friends' – or something gorgeously Californian, like Edie Brickell's 'Good Times, Bad Times.' Or, if not used before, 'He's a Rebel.'

There follows a selection of scenes from the successful end of Mr BEAN's visit.

INT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE. KITCHEN/LOUNGE – DAY

Mr BEAN is giving presents to everyone … DAVID gets a party pack of his favourite laxatives, ALISON gets six hen's eggs. JENNIFER gets a Barbie doll – Mr BEAN's certainly got the measure of her tastes. Then KEVIN opens his gift, packed in a big flat clothing box. We don't see what it is, but see that he is slightly perplexed. Mr BEAN beckons him out of the room – he clearly wants KEVIN to go and try the gift on.

CUT TO – *a few minutes later – they are all waiting for KEVIN to return. The door opens – enter KEVIN, in a miniature version of exactly Mr BEAN's clothes. Same tie, same jacket, same hairstyle. Mr BEAN is thrilled. They pose for a photo for DAVID.*

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – DAY

Outside the house, KEVIN takes a package out from behind his back. Mr BEAN opens it – we can't see it – but Mr BEAN is unsure about it.

CUT TO – *a few minutes later – stillness – then the door opens – there is KEVIN, back in his old clothes. And then, after him, very gingerly, Mr BEAN emerges from the house. He is dressed in exactly the same clothes – baggy shorts, T-shirt five times too large, cap on backwards.*

He is very uneasy indeed. He poses for a very few seconds – as DAVID takes a picture of the two of them, from the bottom of the stairs – and Mr BEAN sneaks back instantly into the house.

EXT. THE LANGLEY HOUSE – DAY

Sentimental shot as ALISON and JENNIFER and KEVIN wave Mr BEAN goodbye from the balcony. Mr BEAN stands outside the car and waves to them. Then gets in the car – and leans out for one last affectionate wave. He remembers the friendly greeting from earlier in the movie – and gives them all the 'finger'. The family on the balcony find it a perplexing farewell.

INT. LA. AIRPORT – DAY

At the airport. DAVID and Mr BEAN.

DAVID: Goodbye Beanie. It's been … surreal. And, you know, you're welcome to come back any time …

Mr BEAN is delighted.

DAVID: … in the fairly distant future.

Mr BEAN laughs. He accepts this.

DAVID: And take care, huh? I know it's insane, but I'm going to miss you.

DAVID puts an arm round him. Mr BEAN shoos him away instantly. No sloppiness for him. He picks up his case, checks his watch and goes. He doesn't look back. DAVID turns and walks away. DAVID stops to look back over his shoulder at Mr BEAN, heading off in the distance. But Mr BEAN doesn't turn, so DAVID walks on.

Then there is suddenly a tap on his shoulder. It's Mr BEAN, as though he's magically jumped there. He gives DAVID a big hug.

Oh, and he must take DAVID's photograph. He waves DAVID back and back and back… until he falls backwards over a pile of suitcases. Mr BEAN leans in and takes a snap up close.

MR BEAN: Veeery funny …

On DAVID, puzzled.

DISSOLVE – *Caption: 'THREE YEARS LATER'.*

INT. MR BEAN'S BEDSIT. LONDON – NIGHT

Sweet music … Mr BEAN is looking at photos of the LANGLEY family on his walls as he gets into bed – reminiscing. He clicks his fingers and sends his teddy bear off to sleep.

Roll some CREDITS but then cut to:

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY – DAY

A shot of the outside of the gallery, very pretty in the early morning. ELMER is opening the front doors.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. SECURITY AREA – DAY

ELMER puts down a cup of coffee on a table. It starts to vibrate a little … then more.

Wider shot of the room – the painting starts to shake. It's an earthquake.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION – DAY

ELMER is back at his security desk and looking at the monitors, which show everything is shaking. The cameras outside show trees swaying – and signs of real earthquake activity. A very worrying moment.

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM – DAY

The coffee shakes violently. A piece of the metal casing breaks off, and falls towards the picture. It misses it – but hits the bottom of the frame.

The frame breaks – and there revealed are the words: 'THE GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER*'. The masterpiece is a poster, for all to see.*

Then suddenly, the quake stops. The coffee is still. ELMER comes back in … his face, registering the state of the picture, is confused. Then outraged. He runs away screaming.

INT. MR BEAN'S BED-SIT – NIGHT.

Mr BEAN is settling down to sleep but then he looks up to somewhere out of shot. He's pleased with what he sees. His POV reveals the remains of the Whistler original pinned to his room wall. Hold on the painting.

Roll CREDITS proper.

THE END

The Restorer
by Richard Curtis

This – strictly for collectors – is the very first hint of the plot of the Mr Bean movie, written in the early 1980s, when we first had the idea for Mr Bean, before Mr Bean was even called Mr Bean. He was called Mr Smith, and this idea never got made – it was just sitting there, waiting for a decade, to come back to life in the Bean film.

THE RESTORER

THE STUDIO

A very atmospheric studio. The walls are lined with golden picture frames of all sizes. The general atmosphere is dark, orange and silent, like Jarman's Caravaggio. *But light shines in through the windows, and in the centre of the room are four easels, with desks in front of them, and bright lights attached above, shining down on the paintings they hold. We do not see the paintings as the camera moves around. It is a very excellent restorers' studio.*

The camera pans round to see the back of Mr Smith – he is standing in a shaft of light. He removes his hat, and then his coat, and slips them on to an antique hatstand. Then he turns so at last we can see his face. He is either: very respectable indeed, with tweed, waistcoat and watch-chain, or: he is still in tweeds, but notably eccentric – collar askew and a very broad, pink tie. Whichever way we plump for, he still looks very much at home.

He strolls to the first of the easels. The first restorer is working on it, and Mr Smith looks over his shoulder. At last we see the picture – it is The Laughing Cavalier. *The first restorer very carefully selects a brush, and then very hesitantly tries to decide on which of eight solutions in small bottles he should use. He finally selects one. But the moment he goes to dip, Mr Smith taps him on the shoulder. The restorer looks up, not at all resentful, as with skill and speed, Mr Smith takes another brush, dips in a different solution, confidently reaches forward to the corner of the painting, swiftly wipes, and clears what was black grime to reveal gorgeous detail underneath. The first restorer smiles – Mr Smith is clearly the total expert. Smith then passes along the next two easels: one holds Van Gogh's* Sunflowers, *and the next a Rembrandt self-portrait. The restorers look up nervously as Mr Smith pauses for just a moment, then moves on.*

Their three easels are all in a row: now Mr Smith goes to his, that is facing them, alone, a position of privilege. He reaches his easel, which has a picture on it, covered by a cloth. He sits down in front of it, and then flicks the cloth away. It is the Mona Lisa. *He gives it a little wave.*

MR SMITH: Morning.

Mr Smith then starts a complex process of preparing for the day. He lays out his eight solutions very fast, and eight pens. Then two larger bottles are placed on the edge of the desk. He then rolls up

his sleeves and walks over to a sink to wash his hands.

While his back is turned, two movers come by the desk, carrying a large Turner seascape. They just jog the desk. The two larger bottles tip over – and the mover puts them back up, the wrong way round.

Mr Smith is now drying his hands, very punctiliously. He moves back to the desk, and carefully selects his brush. He then slowly unscrews the top of one of the two bigger bottles, and moves the light on the easel to concentrate on Mona Lisa's eye. He then dips the brush in and balances it over the eye. Just as he is about to paint, the movers come back.

MOVER: Morning Mr Smith.

MR SMITH: Good morning.

He is so relaxed with his job that he has applied the solution while greeting the mover. When he looks back, he has entirely covered the eye of the Mona Lisa *with black paint.*

*Look of frozen total terror. Terrible music starts to play. 'Carmina (*The Omen*) Burana' – cosmic terror.*

He then wipes it quickly with a sponge. It doesn't help. Both eyes are now covered in black.

At that moment, the first restorer taps him on the shoulder: Smith covers the mess with his hands, and has a quick chat with the restorer in a very peculiar and awkward position.

FIRST RESTORER: How's it going?

MR SMITH: Oh fine, thanks. Fine. Excellent.

When Smith looks back at the painting, the black mark is now in the shape of his handprint. Terrible music continues to play. Mr Smith looks around in total terror. His eye settles in quick succession on the five people in the room. He realises he can't correct his error here. Looking beside his desk, he sees three empty canvases. He swiftly opens his briefcase, and removes a Harrods bag. He then deftly pops another canvas in front of the Mona Lisa*, slips her into the Harrods bag, throws the cover over the blank canvas, grabs a bottle of solution and moves to leave the room.*

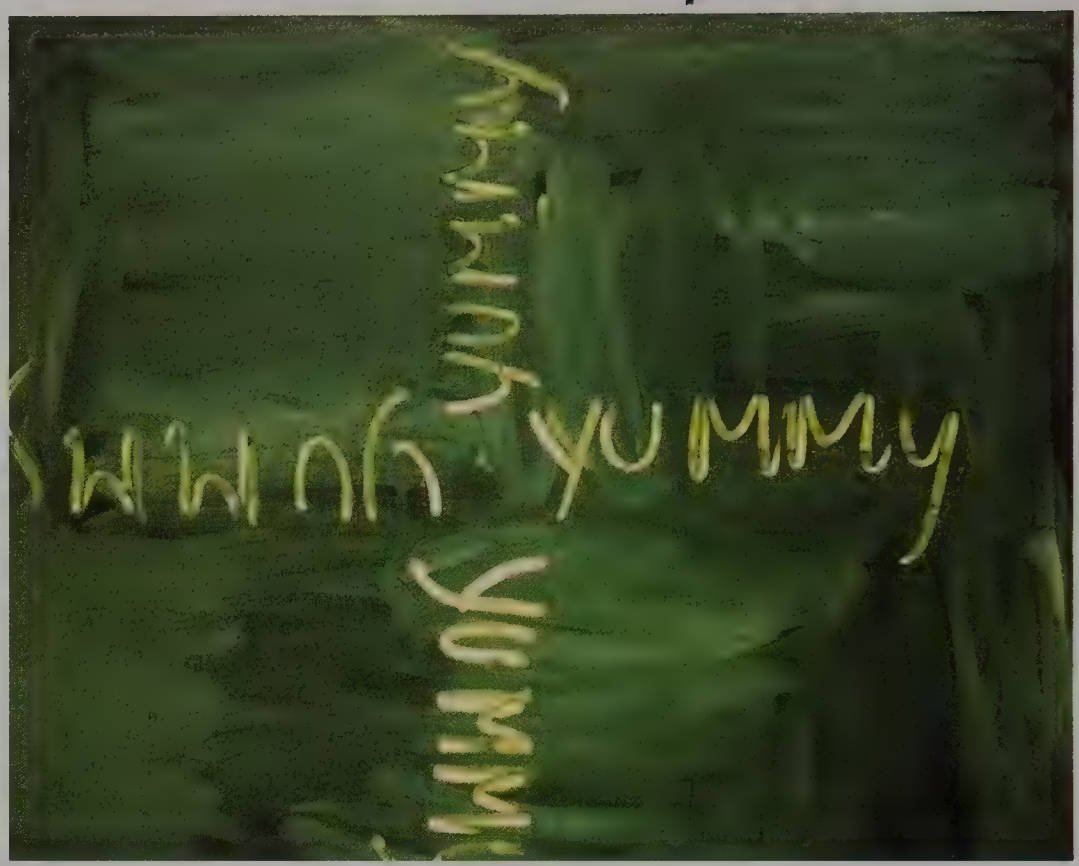
THE CORRIDOR

He makes it to the door, which leads into a thin corridor with a door at the end. He nips right, and along to the door, swinging the Harrods bag. When he opens the door, we find it to be a bright, but very small toilet.

THE TOILET

Once inside, he locks the door, and then sits on the toilet, with the Mona Lisa *balanced on his knees. He takes out the solution, then feels for a brush. Damn – he has forgotten it. He looks around and fortunately spies a toothbrush by the tiny sink on the wall. He gleefully takes it, dips it in the solution, and starts to clean the* Mona Lisa *with the toothbrush. Fortunately, the black comes away easily. He is overjoyed.*

At that instant, there is a turn on the handle of the door. Smith lunges forward to make sure it's locked. It is. Now he has to work fast. His hand moves frantically fast. But now, another turn on the handle, and a knock on the door. He puts his eye to the lock, and looks out. Five people are waiting in the corridor.



Panic – what to do with the painting?

Finally, his eye lights on the window – that's the answer. He opens it and forces the Mona Lisa *out into the sunlight. Thank God, it seems to rest outside the window. He wipes his hair, replaces the brush, then makes to unlock the door. At the last second remembers to flush the toilet. Goes to the door again – at the last moment remembers he hasn't 'washed his hands'. He runs the tap for a second, and finally unlocks the door, and passes the disapproving crew with his hand on his tummy, muttering …*

MR SMITH: Damn kippers!

STORAGE ROOM

Smith turns right at the top of the corridor, and enters a storage room. It is chock-a-block full of coats, and mops, and odd things. A table has a sewing machine on it. He rushes to the window, to see where the painting has ended up. It is on a small shelf outside the toilet window, sitting neatly. And sitting neatly on it is a pigeon. Mr Smith covers his face in horror, and by the time he looks up, there are two pigeons. He rushes back into the little room that he is looking from, and locks the door. By the time he return, there are four birds perched on the Mona Lisa.

Then a Buster Keatony bit, filmed from outside as he stretches over and finally manages to get the painting, not without risk to him and it: whatever is practical – perhaps he even has to fish it with a rod!

Finally he does get it inside and inspects it. The top half is totally covered in pigeon droppings, but he is in such a flap now, there is no time for caution. The solution doesn't seem to work. He spies a bucket and some Vim. He fills the bucket with water, drops in the Vim, and taking a mop, cleans the Mona Lisa *like a bit of floor. It works. He picks up the painting, realises he has left the Harrods bag in the loo, so slips it up his back, under his jacket.*

THE CORRIDOR

Looking a slightly strange sight, Smith moves back into the corridor. At that point, the movers move by, carrying Picasso's huge Guernica. *He presses against the wall to make space for them, and we hear a slight tear. Then, as he wiggles to set himself free, a long and complicated rip. He looks behind to see a huge nail coming out of the wall.*

THE STORAGE ROOM

More terrifying music, as Mr smith dips back into the storage room, takes out the painting, and finds there is a 'Z' torn across the face

of Mona. He is now in high terror, and looks around for aid. He finds some Sellotape, but as he pulls there is only four inches of it. Finally, his eye lights on a sewing machine.

He moves to it, and desperately tries to fit the picture into a sewable position. In doing so, he first tears it even more. But at last he manages to get the picture in place and the machine going. The actual successful sew is done much faster than he would have expected with the picture just shooting through the machine. But when he takes it out, it looks perfectly all right. He is thrilled. ('Ode to Joy' from Beethoven's Ninth – specially chosen classical music throughout this one.)

Smith opens the door, and just glimpses two very important men passing by. He hides again, then thinks hard. He comes up with a plan. He moves into the toilet corridor. And YELLS!!! Everyone leaps out of the main room, and Mr Smith nips in and is back at his seat with the Mona Lisa *when the other men come back in.*

THE STUDIO

Smith looks at them confidently, and lays out his bottles once more. The officials move towards him and he stands to shake their hands. As he does so, the movers pass with Monet's Waterlilies, *and knock over the two bottles again. The man replaces them in the wrong order again. By the time Mr Smith returns to his seat, everything looks normal. He pulls out a dab of cotton wool and dips it in the solution, as the officials watch carefully. Smith is very sure of his craft. With confidence he reaches down towards the famous smile and rubs it carefully.*

When he takes his hand away, the solution has entirely wiped away the smile. In the middle of the painting is a two-inch circle of plain white. Climax. Mr Smith sees it. The two officials see it. Mr Smith's smile in response to the situation is not as enigmatic as the Mona Lisa's *used to be. He is now mad.*

THE END

Out-takes

Richard Curtis and Rowan Atkinson in LA

***And finally – just to give a hint of the carnage that is any film project, here are a few scenes from various drafts of the movie. Behind any film script are the littered corpses of characters and scenes we have loved. Some of the scenes you're about to read actually got filmed – but never made it to the edit; others stayed for ever on the page. Here are some of the casualties of* Bean.**

CUT SCENE 1. Before we decided to give Mr Bean the most boring job in the world – sitting in the corner of a gallery watching the paintings – we had an idea that he was in charge of all stored paintings in the National Gallery. When you consider how much more expensive this is than what we ended up with – Mr Bean in a chair falling asleep – you can perhaps understand why this was never filmed …

INT. ROYAL GALLERY. STORAGE OFFICE – DAY

Mr BEAN's room. He's been here for years and made it his own. It's an odd little world. There's a framed picture of Shirley Bassey on his desk and Airfix planes hang from the ceiling. Also a large cosy armchair and a TV. A pleasant MAN in a suit, around forty, breezes in.

SUIT MAN: Ah Bean, I'm looking for a painting by Van Hocht. Still life. Circa 1670. Can do?

Mr BEAN nods. This is what Mr BEAN likes to do best. The camera follows as he turns and sees the extraordinary sight behind him …

His office is just a tiny corner of a massive storage room, hundreds of feet high and long, the walls completely full of rack after rack of stored paintings. At the end of the room, you can see hundreds of sculptures: busts, modern abstracts, men on horses, classical maidens, Rodins, the lot. It's like the giant storehouse at the end of Raiders of the Lost Ark.

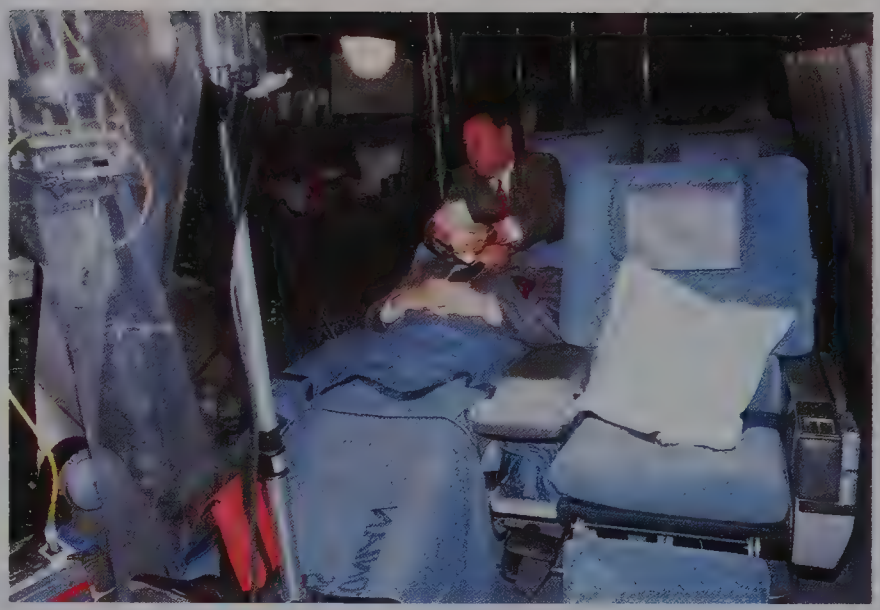
Mr BEAN sets off into it in his own eccentric way. He knows exactly where he's going. He climbs a ladder on the left-hand side, like you might find in a library – he then pushes himself off, and whizzes the entire length of the room on wooden runners.

He has now reached the sculpture area. He crosses the room by using the sculptures as an extraordinary kind of obstacle course. In front of him is The Burghers of Calais, *a Rodin statue of five prisoners in chains. He simply walks across their five heads, like stones in a stream. He then comes to an abstract modern piece, which he uses as a slide and at the end of which – he crawls through the hole in the next modern thing. He then begins to climb up various famous ancient statues, using the mouths as footholes, breasts as support, codpieces as steps and empty eyes as finger holes.*

After a problem with getting his foot caught in the jaw of a sculptured dog, he then walks flat along a modern sculpture, then uses a sequence of classic sculptures as stairs – one the head of a little Degas ballerina, one step

on to the bottom of a horse, two steps on to the head of the person riding the horse, three steps – and now he's on the other side of the hall.

He then triumphantly pulls out a painting. It's the one. Mr BEAN beams.



CUT SCENE 2. This is an incident we actually rehearsed – but finally, we decided against it. Perhaps the reason lies in the last line. Read on and see. Rowan is over forty now – time to put aside childish things …

INT. ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

Mr BEAN heads on through the gallery, when he notices three schoolgirls entering a new exhibition, called The Ultra-human Form. This worries him – and we soon see why – Mr Bean heads into the room where all the paintings are fairly graphic nudes, and the three girls are having a good giggle.

Mr Bean quickly rushes over and with his hand covers the breasts of the painting they're inspecting.

Two girls then move on to the next painting – which unfortunately also has breasts. Mr Bean stretches and just covers them with his other hand.

Now the third girl heads on, so Mr Bean can drop the hand on the first painting – but now has to try to cover the breasts on the third painting, which is a real long stretch away. He actually can't quite make it, so he takes off his shoes, which gives him the extra three inches. Again, safe. Just.

Above: Shooting the plane interior
Below: Rowan Atkinson and Mel Smith on set in LA

Right: At the Ride of Doom
Below: A member of the camera crew

Now, all three girls leave the paintings – but, to Mr Bean's chagrin, head over to a classical nude sculpture in the middle of the room. It's like The Three Graces, *three naked women back to back. Mr Bean thinks fast. He quickly whips off his belt – and rushes over to the statue, where he succeeds in looping it round to cover all six nipples.*

Unfortunately at that moment, the girls lose interest and head over to the other side of the gallery. To Mr Bean's alarm. Because at that moment we reveal what is on the other side of the room. A huge painting in the style of the others – with literally forty graphically naked people.

Mr Bean sprints across and desperately tries to cover as many private parts as he can. At which moment the teacher of the party and 40 other schoolgirls appear and watch Mr Bean's antics. Sadly, with no hands and no belt, his trousers fall down. There are screams.

CUT SCENE 3. This is another section we rehearsed. Rowan was wonderfully funny in his huge mime revenge – and for a while, we were allowed to dream that we were actually making a proper American action picture. But it all went the way of all flesh …

EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BY PARKING LOT – DAY

(About five p.m.) Mr BEAN heads for the parking lot. On the way, his interest is drawn to the MIME ARTIST, performing his heart out in front of the Dead Cars *sculpture. He accosts a woman passer-by, pretending to brush dust from her clothes, comb her hair, etc. The MIME is a bit of a pain in the ass really. The woman quickly moves on.*

Mr BEAN is quite intrigued. The MIME mimes climbing a ladder. Mr BEAN goes up next to him – and looks up at what he's

looking up at. There's nothing there. He decides the MIME is a bit of a thicky. This is confirmed when the MIME pretends he's locked behind a pane of glass. Mr BEAN simply pokes his finger through the imaginary glass wall, and hits the MIME's nose.

The MIME is however delighted someone is taking an interest at last. He takes a handkerchief from Mr BEAN's pocket, and gets Mr BEAN to guess which hand the hanky's in. It's not in the left. Not in the right. Mr Bean isn't the slightest bit impressed – he just reaches round and takes the hanky from where it's tucked into the MIME's trousers – and heads away. As he moves off, the MIME touches him on the shoulder. Mr BEAN turns and the MIME starts a mock gun duel. He draws his guns. Mr BEAN is pretty unimpressed. The MIME turns his back and walks the ten paces to draw. He turns – and Mr BEAN is just staring at him a derisory fashion.

Then Mr BEAN decides to settle it once and for all. In a brilliant piece of big mime, he puts together the biggest gun ever seen outside an Arnold Schwarzenegger movie. He sets up a pedestal – opens a case – lifts out a hugely heavy gun – then the seven bits that click on that gun. Then opens another case, and takes out the huge artillery shell to load it. The MIME is getting very frightened. Then Mr BEAN pulls up an imaginary stool to sit behind his mega-Gatling gun. The MIME begins to run away. Mr BEAN twirls in his imaginary seat, and lines up his sights, following the terrified MIME. Finally, in a BOOM that almost knocks Mr BEAN out of his imaginary seat, he fires. Ten seconds delay, and the MIME falls in a very dramatic death, fifty yards away.

Mr BEAN is happy – and heads back to the car park where DAVID, arms folded, leans against his car.

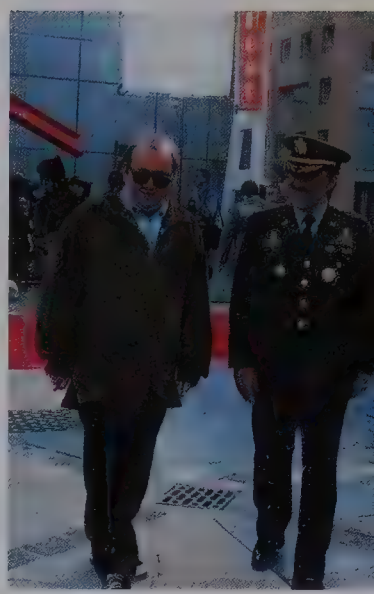
DAVID gets into his car. Mr BEAN opens the passenger door and thumps it loudly into the side of the expensive car next-door (same as this morning). BERNIE turns up just as DAVID is reversing out. The expensive car is his. He waves them goodbye. Then notices the marks.

BERNIE: Shit!

EXT. SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT – DAY

CUT TO: *DAVID parks next to a beaten-up convertible.*

DAVID: OK. I'm going to try to buy some things to win back my wife's heart. *(Looks at Mr Bean)* Just stay out of trouble, OK?



Above: Mel Smith with Burt Reynolds

Right: Shooting exteriors at the Grierson Gallery set

Mr BEAN nods. DAVID gets out and heads for the mall. Feature a woman tramp (BAG LADY) going through a bin nearby.

Mr BEAN tries to control himself but weakens. He plays with all the buttons and switches on the dashboard; windscreen wipers, lights. Then he notices a throbbing noise … He gets out of the car to investigate.

Mr BEAN swiftly locates the throbbing sound. The empty convertible has its engine running. Mr BEAN notices the keys in the ignition. How stupid of someone. He turns off the engine and takes out the keys. There are several people returning to their cars with groceries. Mr BEAN offers the car keys to them as if to say: Are these yours?

[The following should take place at quite a speed, real drama.]

Then suddenly, A ROBBER dashes towards Mr BEAN from the direction of the mall, weaving in and out of parked cars, with a bag (small white carrier bag, assumedly full of money). He is wearing jeans, a black polo neck and, much to Mr BEAN's delight, a President Clinton face mask. As far as Mr BEAN is concerned, this is his old friend, the MIME ARTIST.

ROBBER throws the bag of money on to the back seat of the convertible and gets in – but he can't find the keys to start it. He frantically searches all his pockets …

Mr BEAN leans into shot. He holds out the keys, grinning.

ROBBER: Gimme the keys!

Mr BEAN runs away with them. Or doesn't! He is in mime mode – and runs on the spot, getting faster and faster. The ROBBER approaches the obvious madman. He is quite a tough, scary, and scared individual.

ROBBER: I said, give me the keys!

Mr BEAN turns – and holds out two hands – just like the MIME did to him. The perplexed robber picks one hand. Wrong one. Then the robber … pulls a gun and puts it hard into Mr BEAN's face. People hit the deck

– an unexpected moment of reality.

But not to Mr BEAN – he simply takes the gun and waves it at the ROBBER angrily, ticking him off for breaking the rules.

ROBBER: OK, OK – take it easy!

Mr BEAN gestures the ROBBER to turn around. He does, convinced this sicko is going simply to shoot him in the head. But instead Mr BEAN puts his back to the ROBBER's back, and starts to count.

MR BEAN: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

He turns – and gestures to the ROBBER it's time to draw. By this time a crowd has gathered. A small child is watching.

ROBBER: But I haven't got a f—

MR BEAN: Ssssh! *(Waves the gun.)*

ROBBER: I haven't got a gun.

Interiors at the gallery

But Mr BEAN is pushing him to draw. Finally …

ROBBER: OK, OK, I'll do it!

He draws. Mr BEAN draws too. They fire. And Mr BEAN really fires. To his amazement. Everyone watching falls to the floor at the

Right: The camera crew at the Langley house

sound of real gunfire. The ROBBER is wounded in the leg. Mr BEAN throws the gun away in alarm. The ROBBER lunges for it – Mr BEAN kicks it away, trying to help him avoid such a dangerous implement. Mr BEAN is very sorry about the wound – he throws the keys to the ROBBER – who misses them, and has to scrabble under another car for them. Mr BEAN thinks of final joke – and niftily swaps the robber's bag for one of the BAG LADY's bags – very similar.

When the ROBBER emerges with the keys, Mr BEAN is waiting to escort him to his car. He opens the door – then spots a couple of tourists in the crowd. He puts his arm around the ROBBER and gets one of them to take a photograph of him and the ROBBER with a Polaroid camera. Mr BEAN removes the ROBBER's mask as the picture is taken.

The ROBBER, jolted back to reality by the sound of approaching police car sirens, jumps in the car and drives away.

CUT SCENE 4. This is a scene we were all very fond of – quite near the emotional heart of the film. In the end, we went about it in a different way … but anyway, worth a look. It was set up by David absolutely promising his family he would throw Mr Bean out. He heads for his room, totally determined to deliver an ultimatum …

INT. CORRIDOR/MR BEAN'S ROOM – DAY

David heads for Mr Bean's room, and knocks cautiously on the door.

MR BEAN: Enter!

David enters – Mr BEAN is sticking things in a picture album.

DAVID: Sorry, am I disturbing you?

MR BEAN: Ahm ... no.

In a pause before he quite gathers himself to broach the difficult subject, DAVID asks a polite question.

DAVID: What's this – your picture album?

Mr BEAN shyly tries to stop him looking.

DAVID: May I have a look?

Mr BEAN acquiesces. He starts from the beginning, with pictures of him as a kid. Always standing on his own.

DAVID: Where are your mum and dad?

MR BEAN: Ahm ... *(Shrugs his shoulders.)*

Picture of Mr BEAN with huge frizzy hair, at sixteen. DAVID smiles. Mr BEAN mimes stupid disco dancing. DAVID turns again. It is a sequence of pictures of Mr BEAN at famous UK locations – Big Ben, Stonehenge, Buckingham Palace, 10 Downing Street. They are idiosyncratic because all taken by him at arm's length – with his Polaroid – so he never quite makes it squarely into shot.

Mr BEAN: Holidays. *Much mirth. He laughs.*

Mr BEAN: Ahm ... work.

Pictures of Mr BEAN at his work desk: alone.

Mr BEAN: Christmas.

Him and teddy with hats on.

Mr BEAN: New Year.

Him and teddy again with a half-bottle of champagne.

DAVID: But there aren't any pictures of you and other people.

Mr BEAN gives him a 'No, you're completely wrong' gesture – and enthusiastically turns the next page.

It is the picture of the family, with the picture of BEAN from the mall today stuck next to them. He's even written 'Bean and Family' – he doesn't realise there's anything sad about it; in fact he probably gets annoyed about some mark on the picture. But DAVID is rather moved. Pause.

DAVID: Well, it's lovely. I just came in ... *(No – he can't do it)* ... to say goodnight. Are you still comfortable?

Mr BEAN: Oh yes.

Right: Rowan takes a break during the London end of the shoot

DAVID: Goodnight Bean.

Mr BEAN waves goodbye a little rudely and gets back to the album. Even when we feel sorry for him, he's a little rude. DAVID walks away, shaking his head. He can't do the deed.

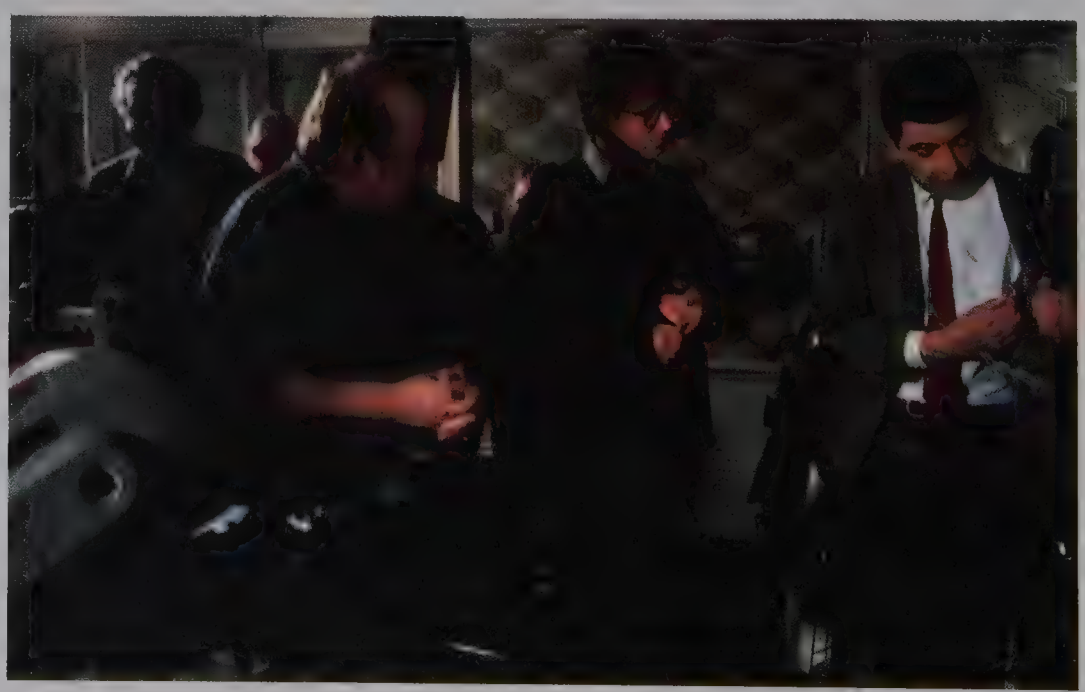
CUT SCENE 5. Not only do scenes get cut from movies – but whole characters. For months, there was this character called Annie, a not very clever girl who ran the box office in the gallery. Printing this scene in this book is now her only memorial.

INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA – DAY

DAVID, Mr BEAN and KEVIN, aged ten, arrive through the main entrance. ANNIE smiles from behind her counter. DAVID is still rattled.

DAVID: Hi, Annie.

ANNIE: Hi. Big day today, huh?



DAVID: Yes.

ANNIE smiles at KEVIN.

ANNIE: Hi, Kevin. Like, how's it going?

KEVIN: Badly. You wanna adopt me?

ANNIE: I'll think about it.

KEVIN: My dad talks about you a lot.

ANNIE: Does he, now?

KEVIN: He says you've got a babe count of ten out of ten, and a brain-cell count of about two and a half.

ANNIE: Yeah, I'll go with that. I'm kinda dumb, intellectually. But I'm great in bed.

CUT SCENE 6. For those of you who felt there just wasn't enough violence and damage in the movie – this is the reason. We cut this scene – in it, Mr Bean had been made responsible for taking care of the General's extremely expensive car.

EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY – DAY

Mr BEAN has let himself into the car. This is one of the happiest moments of his life, as he inspects the gleaming panel and sits back in the gorgeous leather seat.

He starts the car up – and heads up into the circular car park. He sweeps dangerously round a few turns – but just manages to keep the car intact. Finally reaches the top floor – there is one quite small space left. Mr Bean takes out the comb he used with his Mini at the very beginning, and measures the space. Yes. Seems large enough to him. He moves the car in. It isn't large enough.

With a hideous scraping of metal against metal, the Rolls-Royce squeezes in between the two cars, losing its wing mirror and door handle in the process. Mr BEAN looks a tiny bit concerned.

Mr BEAN sitting in the wedged car. He tries the door – but it won't open a centimetre. He's totally stuck. He looks up at a small window in the roof. If only he could get that open. He pushes various buttons, which set off windscreen wipers, squirters, radios. He pushes the cigarette lighter. He pulls a lever – and the bonnet pops up an inch.

At which moment we see the lighter pop out, and on to the seat. Mr Bean is still looking round below the dashboard, when he notices a little fire in the seat beside him. Not good news. He panics a bit, turns and half climbs over into the back seat, when he spies a drinks cabinet. He has a very good idea – he takes out a cut-crystal decanter of brown liquid, opens it and uses it to douse the fire. Not a good move with brandy. Before the cut, we see the WHOOOSH! of a major fire in the front seat of the car.

CUT TO – *The front of the car isn't what it was. There has been a fire. It's out now – three decanters lie empty. Mr BEAN is not happy. Finally, he decides to go for brute strength. He turns the car on again, puts it into reverse, and puts his foot down on the accelerator.*

We see the car from above. Full throttle. Totally still. Totally still. And then WHOOOOSH, WHAM! It reverses at 100 mph straight backwards, smashing violently into and destroying the back of the car behind.

INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR – DAY

CUT TO – *NEWTON and GRIERSON are looking at a painting. BERNIE spots DAVID over his shoulder and comes over to join him.*

Shooting outside London's Tate Gallery

BERNIE: Everything OK, David?

DAVID: Yes. I was just wondering where my English house guest had got to.

BERNIE: He's just parking the General's car.

DAVID: Oh great – keep him out of trouble.

INT. CAR PARK –DAY

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN is inspecting the car. He's not too happy with it. He tries to get the bonnet down, but it insists on staying up. He shrugs his shoulders and gets in to drive off again, having to wind down the window and drive by leaning his head out quite a long way. This means that as he heads for the exit, he fails to see the system to stop people leaving without paying, a foot-high barrier that appears out of the ground. When he hits it, the car stops dead.*

Mr BEAN gets out, leaving the car idling, and goes to the booth where normally the attendant would be – but everyone is in the gallery at the moment. Inside he pushes a couple of buttons, and, hurrah, gets the one that drops the barrier. Less hurrah, he has forgotten to put on the handbrake. As he moves back towards the car, it glides slowly down the ramp on the outside of the building, then accelerates, and finally, on a particularly sharp turn, smashes through the wall and flies off the building.

It lands, rather artistically, to form a very convincing third part of a sculpture of two buried cars.

CUT SCENE 7. And finally, the inevitable victim of rewrites since time began: the original ending. After all his adventures in America, Mr Bean was to return to the Royal National Gallery to reclaim his old job.

EXT. THE ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

Shot from high up. Mr BEAN's lime-green Mini approaches, coming around Trafalgar Square, and drives up on to the pavement, in front of the gallery. It stops and BEAN gets out. He looks up at the building, pleased to be back.

EXT. THE ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

CUT TO – *BEAN pauses outside the revolving doors to clip his staff identity badge onto his top pocket. He enters in high spirits.*

INT. THE ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

CUT TO – BEAN enters the reception hall. It is totally deserted. He frowns.

CUT TO – *The place is totally empty except for a CLEANER sweeping up litter in the middle of the room. There are faded rectangles on the walls where all the paintings should be. Only one very solid-looking statue remains. BEAN is thoroughly perplexed.*

CLEANER: They've moved, guv.

EXT. THE ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN looks up at the building and gives a disgusted grunt before getting into his car and drives off around Trafalgar Square.*

INT. THE ROYAL NATIONAL GALLERY – DAY

CUT TO – *The empty gallery Mr BEAN just inspected. Then, from out behind the one remaining statue, emerges DELILAH. Then, from behind a pillar, LORD WALTON.*

LORD WALTON: Is he gone?

DELILAH: Yes, my lord.

LORD WALTON: Tell the others.

DELILAH: Very well, my lord.

She heads through the empty gallery to the door that says 'GENTLEMEN'. She walks in – and there, squeezed into the one room are the remaining 150 employees.

DELILAH: He's gone.

Massive cheer, massive music.

EXT. LONDON STREET – DAY

CUT TO – *Mr BEAN's car suddenly brakes. Cut inside. Mr BEAN has noticed he still has his badge on. He tuts, does a U-turn, and heads back for the gallery to hand it in.*

THE END

Crew List

BEAN – THE ULTIMATE DISASTER MOVIE

A FILM BY MEL SMITH

'MR BEAN' CHARACTER DEVISED BY
ROWAN ATKINSON AND RICHARD CURTIS

MR BEAN	Rowan Atkinson
LORD WALTON	Peter Egan
CHAIRMAN	Sir John Mills
GARETH	Peter Capaldi
DELILAH	June Brown
DR ROSENBLUM	Peter James
DR CUTLER	Clive Corner
STEWARDESS	Alison Goldie
TUCKER	Dakin Matthews
PASSENGER	Ronnie Yeskel
YOUNG BOY	Scott Charles
DAVID LANGLEY	Peter MacNicol
ALISON LANGLEY	Pamela Reed
JENNIFER LANGLEY	Tricia Vessey
KEVIN LANGLEY	Andrew Lawrence
GEORGE GRIERSON	Harris Yulin
ELMER	Larry Drake
BERNICE SCHIMMEL	Sandra Oh
BRUTUS	Richard Gant
BUTLER	Chris Ellis
WALTER	Tom McGowan
GENERAL NEWTON	Burt Reynolds
BUCK	Danny Goldring
SYLVIA GRIERSON	Priscilla Shanks
STINGO	Johnny Galecki
NURSE 2	April Grace
DESK NURSE	Gigi Fields
ASSISTANT DOCTOR	Robert Curtis-Brown
PRESS PERSON	Rob Brownstein
YOUNG REPORTER	Julia Pearlstein
NURSE	Lela Ivey
IMPATIENT MAN	Robert H. Harvey
IMPATIENT MAN 2	Richard Irving
DR JACOBSON	David Doty
NURSE 3	Janni Brenn
STRETCHER NURSE	Annette Helde
X-RAY ASSISTANT	Perry Anzilotti
COP 1	Thomas Mills
CATERING GUY	Richard Hicks

Directed by	Mel Smith
Produced by	Peter Bennett-Jones
	Eric Fellner
	Tim Bevan
Written by	Richard Curtis and Robin Driscoll
Executive Producer	Richard Curtis
Co-Producer	Rebecca O'Brien

Director of Photography	Francis Kenny	
Production Designer	Peter Larkin	
Edited by	Christopher Blunden	
Costume Design	Hope Hanafin	
Original Music by	Howard Goodall	
Casting by	Ronnie Yeskel	
U.K. Casting by	John and Ros Hubbard	
Unit Production Manager	Cydney Bernard	
1st Assistant Director	Michael Zimbrich	
2nd Assistant Director	Trey Batchelor	
Executive in Charge of Production	Jane Frazer	
Location Manager	Liz Matthews	
Script Supervisor	Cori Glazer-Williamson	
Script Editor	Emma Freud	
Post Production Supervisor	Deborah Harding	
Production Co-ordinator	Jo Leachman-McIllece	
Assistant Production Co-ordinator	Elizabeth Joan Hooper	
2nd Assistant Director	Todd Murata	
2nd Asst. Location Manager	Brad Bell	
Head of Development	Debra Hayward	
President of Production	Liza Chasin	
Associate Casting Director	Richard Hicks	
Casting Assistant	Christina Doren	
Extras Casting – Axium Casting Agency	Rich King	
Production Accountant	Julianna Arenson	Jan Nizen
1st Assistant Accountant	Chris Romberg	
2nd Assistant Accountant	Kurt Greufe	
Paymaster	Carrie Nicol	
Post Production Accountant	Tarn Harper	
Head of Finance	Rashid Chinchanwala	
Head of Business Affairs	Angela Morrison	
Business Affairs Manager	Rachel Holroyd	
2nd Unit Director – U.K.	John Greaves	
Camera Operators	Billy O'Drobinak	Cary Fisher
1st Assistant Camera	Patricia Van Over	
2nd Assistant Camera	Kris Van Over	
	Thomas Cherry	
Key Grip	Jeff Case	
Best Boy Grip	Mark Brouneau	
Dolly Grip	Joe Kraft	
Grips	Tom Greene	Greg Romero
	Stephen Mattson	
Video Assist	Mike Sheehan	
B Camera: Operator/ Steadicam Operator	Liz Zeigler	
1st Assistant Camera	Chris Schenck	
2nd Assistant/Loader	Mike Fauntleroy	

Sound Mixer	Robert Anderson, Jr C.A.S.	
Boom Operator	Kenneth Mantlo	
Cable Puller	Colin Campbell	
Art Director	Kevin Constant	
Set Decorator	Bill Gregory	
Set Designer	Theodore Sharps	
On Set Dresser	Deana Albers	
Lead Man	Craig Gadsby	
Art Dept. Co-ordinator	Abigail Sheiner	
Stills Photographers	Suzanne Hanover	
	Melissa Moseley	
Publicist	Richard Natale	
Property Master	Maureen Farley	
Assistant Property Master	Kim Larson	
Set Dressing Gang Boss	Tony Gustella	
Swing Gang	Paul Ilsley	Brent Blom
Stand-by Painter	Brent White	
Asst. Costume Designer	Deborah Slate	
Costume Supervisor – U.S.A.	Marcy Craig	
Wardrobe Assistant	Mitzi Haralson	
Key Make-Up Artist	Melanie J. Romero	
Key Hairstylist	Lori Guidroz	
Make-Up Artist	Judy Yonemoto	
Hair/Make-Up for Mr. Reynolds	Brian K. McManus	
Construction Co-ordinator	Jim Ondrejko	
Construction Foreman	Joe Ondrejko	
Prop Makers	Guy Belegaud	Jason Bartolone
	Chris Beresford	Ron Dailey
	Marc Fekkes	Aaron J. Harney
	Alfred Lee Johnson	
	Kim Larsen	William Magill
	Stephen Olson	Justin Walker
Plasterers Foreman	Ernesto Quintero	
Paint Foreman	Tom Hrupcho	
Painters	Ed Lucero	Paul Manchester
	Don Partridge	Casey Stoll
Construction Labourer	Jose Cavranza	
Gaffer	Ron McLeish	
Best Boy	Eric Parker	Roy McLeish
Electricians	Angelo Orefice	Ted Schwimmer
	David Kagen	Randall Ott
	Shawn Duscherer	
	James McClure	
Film Editor	William Webb	
1st Assistant Editors UK	Martyn Robinson	Julian Pryce
Assistant Editor U.S.A.	Lynne Warr	
Apprentice Editor U.S.A.	Mark Harris	
Supervising Sound Editor	Matt Grimes	
Dialogue Editor	Nigel Mills	
Assistant Dialogue Editor	Steve Maguire	
Assistant Sound Editor	Gordon Greenaway	
Music Editor	Andre Jacquemin	
FT2 Trainees	Amy Quince	
	Mohammed Khalid	
Company Co-ordinator	Emma Thomas	
Assistant to Mr. Bevan	Juliette Dow	
Assistant to Mr. Fellner	Amelia Granger	
Assistant to Mr. Smith	Simon Hall	
Assistant to Mr. Atkinson	Andrew Lamond	
Assistant to Ms. O'Brien	Rachael Cooper	
Assistant to Mr. Reynolds	Scott L. Jackson	
L.A. Co-ordinator	Aaron Ryder	
London Liason	Jennie Jones	
Production Assistants	Kauai Collins	Lauren Feige
	Ken Heusey	Jeff Hurlock
	Gloria Jolley	Jeffrey Neumeier
	Keith Popely	Victorian Ruskin
Special Effects by	Ultimate Effects	
	John Hartigan	Chris Walkowiak
Speciality Props Created by	Alterain Studios Inc	
Stunt Co-ordinator	Walter Scott	
Stunt Double for Mr. Atkinson	Carl Paoli	
Stunt Performers	Julie Adair	Bobby Aldridge
	Tony Boggs	Anthony Brubaker
	Eddie Fiola	Sean Howell
	Brandy Johnson-Scharpf	
	Max Kleven	Keoni G. Kramer
	Gene Le Bell	Gary Morgan
	Jane Oshita	Chris Palermo
	Monte Rex Perlin	
	Denise Roberts	Bill Scharpf
	Ben Scott	John-Clay Scott
	Lori Scott	Chad Stahelski
	Gwynn Turnbull	Mike Watson
	Danny Wong	
Studio Teachers	Linda Stone	Jill McKay
Stand -In for Mr Atkinson	Steven Yudson	
Stand-In for Mr MacNicol	Richard M. Newkirk	
Medics	Lance Mancuso	Michael Matus
Medical Advisor	Scott Aguilar	
Transport Co-ordinator	Shane Greedy	
Transportation Captain	Jon Carpenter	
Drivers	Steve Howard	Tommy Neal
	Tom Stillman	John Quitner
	Don Poole	Charlie Rothstein
	Rob Young	Loren Bess
	John Bologa	Gerald Harvey
	Gary Cheek	Bernard Glavin
	Leon Glavin	Chris Gorden
Catering by	Home on the Range	
	Location Catering	
Caterer	Michael and Liz Maxwell	
Chefs	Richard Scott Bourke	
	Brad Combs	Mark Heyburn
	John Kayton	Larry Michaelson
Craft Services	Sienna Bourke	
Security	C.A.S.T. Security Inc	
Dubbing Mixer	Gerry Humphreys	

UK CREW

Production Manager	Donna Grey
Art Director	Mark Raggett
Costume Designer	Denise Simmons
Sound Recordist	Peter Glossop
Location Manager	Crispin Sharp
Script Supervisor	Penny Eyles
Chief Make-Up Artist	Sue Sian
Chief Hairdresser	Rupert Simon
Production Accountant	Sandra Nixon
Production Co-ordinator	Fran Triefus
2nd Assistant Director	Cliff Lanning
3rd Assistant Director	Ian Stone
Casting Assistant	Lisa Anne Porter
Camera Operators	Gordon Hayman Peter Versey
Focus Pullers	Rawdon Heyne John Fletcher
Clapper Loaders	Roderick Marley Spencer Murray
Grip	Nick Pearson
Video Assist. Operator	Jim Fisher
Sound Maintenance	Sean Mills
Sound Assistant	Tom Glossop
Assistant Art Director	Grant Armstrong
Set Decorator	Neesh Ruben
Production Buyer	Brian Winterborn
Art Department Assistant	Michelle Borge
Wardrobe Supervisor	Charlotte Couchman
Wardrobe Assistants	Marcus Love Michelle Rogers
Stills Photographer	Liam Daniel
Production Assistant	Catherine Jardine
Accounts Assistant	Louise Seaman
Location Assistant	Damon Meredith
Production Runner	Polly Jefferies
Floor Runner	Barney Hughes
Prop Master/Charge hand	
Stand-by Prop	Dennis Hopperton
Chargehand Dressing Prop	Les Benson
Storeman	Gerry O'Connor
Dressing Prop	Eric Strange
Stand-by Prop	Chris Brett
Construction Manager	Andy Evans
Supervising Carpenter	John Gary Pledger
Supervising Stagehand	Colin Smith
Supervising Painter	Paul Wiltshire
Carpenters	John Addison John Casey
	Michael Gooch
Painter	Giovanni Ciaccotto
Stand-by Carpenter	Barry Smalls
Stand-by Painter	Clive Whitbread
Stand-by Stagehand	Brian Webb
Stand-by Rigger	Jose Romero
Gaffer	Steve Costello
Best Boy	Roy Branch
Electricians	Kevin Gardener
	Paul Stewart
Genny Operator	Alan Graham
Electrical Rigger	Paul Smithers Steven Slater
Digital Film Effects by	FrameStore (London)
Digital Film Effects Producer	Drew Jones
Senior Digital Effects Artist	Avtar Bains
Filmed with	Panavision Camera and Lenses
Filmed on Stock by	Eastman Kodak Company
Original Processing by	Technicolour ®
Lighting Equipment	Canam Rentals
Opticals Supplied by	GSE
Editing Facilities USA	Big Time Productions
Post Production Facilities	Goldcrest Post Production Services
Dubbing Facilities	Twickenham Film Studios
Video Transfer	TVI and Midnight Transfers
Insurance	Aon/Albert G. Ruben – Kevin O'Shea
Payroll Service Company	Entertainment Partners
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iWerks Entertainment
New Wave Entertainment
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Filmed on Location in Los Angeles, U.S.A.
and London, England

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Working Title

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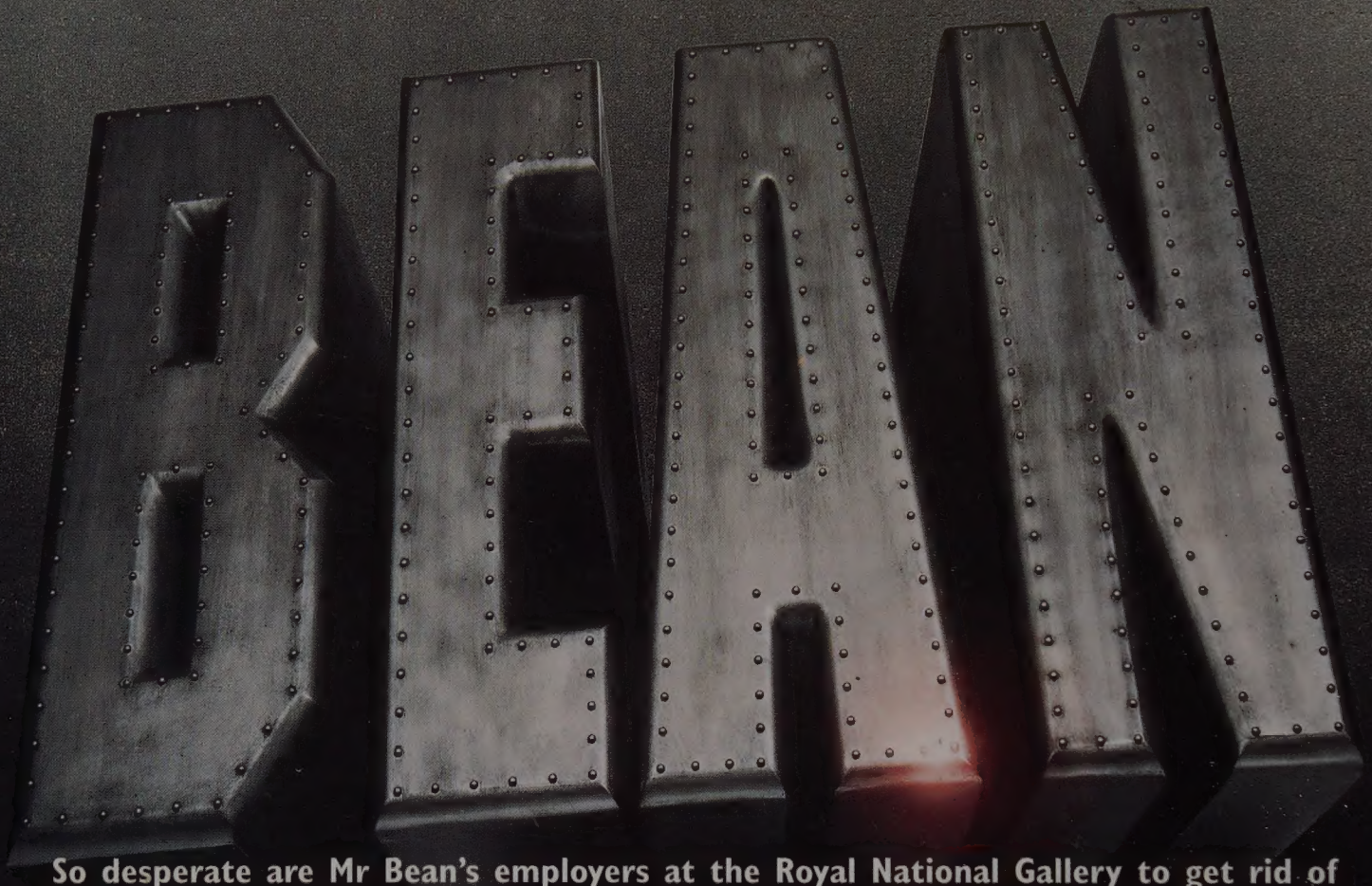
'Although we experimented with some very fanciful plots, I kept coming back to a very, very simple one; of just taking Mr Bean to stay with a family on an American campus and letting him destroy their lives.'

Richard Curtis, 1995



So desperate are Mr Bean's employers at the Royal National Gallery to get rid of him that they resort to pretending he is an eminent art critic and send him to America on a cultural exchange. *Bean*, the film, is the hilarious tale of Mr Bean's adventures while staying with the Langley family in California.

As well as containing the script, this unique companion to *Bean* includes a foreword by director Mel Smith, together with Richard Curtis's diary charting the embryonic stages in the development of the film and Robin Driscoll's views of filming in LA. Other gems include a selection of early parts of the script that did not make it into the final cut, and a unique insight into the Mr Bean character in his earliest incarnation, in the early 1980s, when he was known as Mr Smith.

Lavishly illustrated with stills from the film and behind-the-scenes photographs, *Bean: The Script Book* is a must for film buffs and Mr Bean fans alike.

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KO-215-437